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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Marlborough at the Peak of His Career

MARLBOROUGH, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By the Right Honorable Winston Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. Vols. III and IV. $3 each.

Reviewed by ARTHUR LYON CROSS

IN the first two volumes of his brilliant biography Mr. Churchill covered the first fifty-two years of Marlborough's life. The eldest surviving son of a scholarly country gentleman, whose modest property was practically wiped out in consequence of the Civil War, John Churchill, charming, gifted, and ambitious, had to tread a rough and tortuous road on his way to power and fame. The author, in his valiant efforts to cleanse the memory of his illustrious ancestor from the stains left by the aspersions of some of the preceding historians and biographers, dealt with much contentious matter and many dubious episodes in the first instalment of his extensive work.

Although William of Orange had come, before his death, to recognize that Churchill—now Earl of Marlborough and lieutenant-general—would be indispensable in the prosecution of his vast design, it was under Anne that his unique opportunity came. Shortly after her accession he was made captain-general of the forces and master-general of the ordinance, and within a twelvemonth—in spite of Sarah's reluctance—Duke. The two volumes under review cover only three years, 1702-1705, but three momentous and troubled years, marked by the "glorious victory" of Blenheim and another achievement, also fraught with consequences, the capture of Gibraltar.

In dealing with these stirring events Mr. Churchill has risen to great heights. He has made an exhaustive examination of manuscript and printed materials, he has grasped firmly the complicated lines of politics and diplomacy in Great Britain and abroad and woven them skilfully with the military and naval operations into a narrative that is crystal clear. Archdeacon Coxe, who published his monumental work more than a century ago, was apparently given the run of the Blenheim papers but he overlooked some and omitted others. Later they were withheld from investigators: even Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan was unable to make use of them. Mr. Churchill devotes most of his preface of over a dozen pages to the vari-

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Mantle for Bones

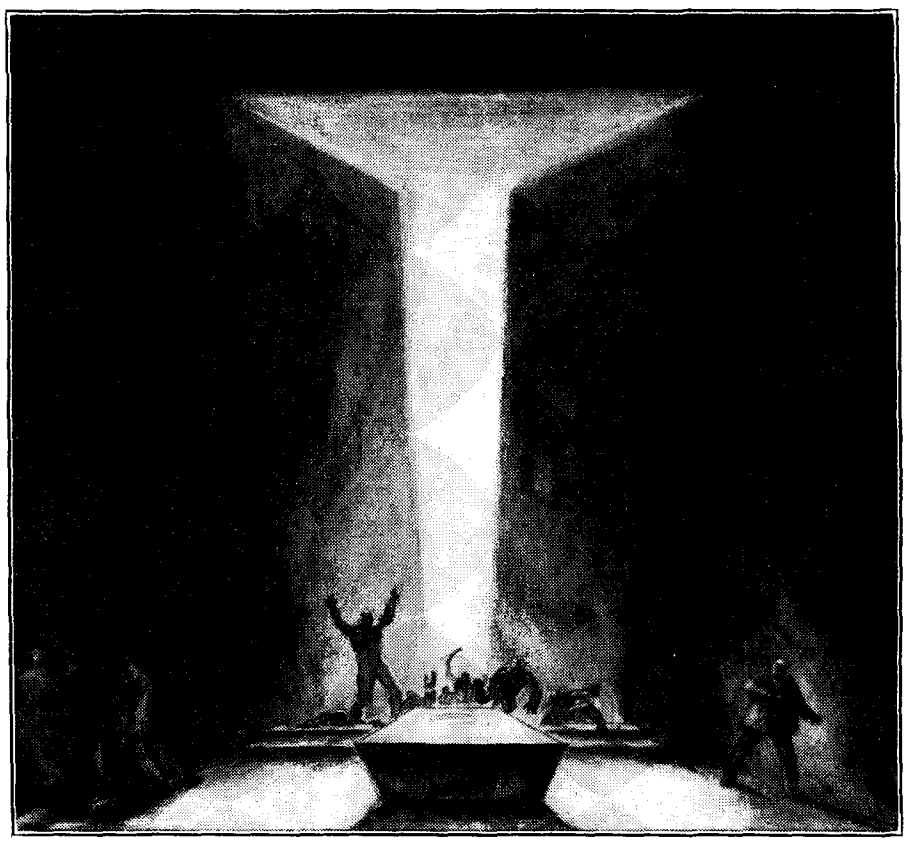
By LENORE G. MARSHALL

NOW the soft laconic snow
Fills the hollow where it lies,
Covers root and mould and rot
Chilly in a pure disguise.

Root and mould and slug and rot
By a feather buried deep,
Who would dread eternity
Lost beneath a jewelled sleep?

When the crystal witchery
Brittly cracks and draws away,
See, implacable the earth
Marches on its old decay.

Where's a mantle for these bones?
Call back snow or summon shine—
Turn your head and dare not look—
Hasten, leaf and flower and vine.



JO MIELZINER'S STAGE DESIGN FOR "PANIC" (*Photo by Juley*)

Social Moralists and Science

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

SOME weeks ago I taxed the late William Graham Sumner, the founder of American sociology, with having made certain root assumptions which conditioned and necessarily dictated the nature of his political economy. Whereupon that formidable and lusty fighter, Albert Galloway Keller, sprang to the defense of his intellectual master. Sumner, he said, never "assumed" anything. The word, in Keller's opinion, smacked of "metaphysics"; it was blood-brother to the futile word "posited." It is true, he said, that Sumner's essays* on contemporary issues of the 1880s, the 1890s, and the early 1900s abound in conclusions that have an *ex cathedra* ring; but fighting speech must have this ring. In reality, however, all of Sumner's conclusions "rest on the hard, inductive process of fact-gathering extended over a period of many years."

Before I pursue this quarrel with Sumner's disciple, literary executor, and successor at Yale University, let me limit my ground. This essay will have next to nothing to say about Sumner as a sociologist (he called himself a societologist). I am an intermittent reader of the "Folkways," and sufficiently versed in them to know that the many startling sociological discoveries attributed to Vilfredo Pareto may be found in Sumner in less systematic (and some might say less pretentious) form. But I have not had the benefit of the advanced courses in "Sumnerology," and have no right to opinions about the scientific validity of his sociological conclusions.

But political economy is another matter. When one speaks of an "assumption" in political economy, one is not referring to anything "metaphysical," unless the desires of men are metaphysical, which, I suppose, in the last analysis they are. The "assumption" behind Sumner's championship of Free Trade is that "cheapness is desirable." Linked with this "assumption" is another: that it is "unfair to tax some men for the immediate benefit of others." (I say "immediate," because I believe, with Sumner, that protection is of no ultimate value to anybody. In other words, I, too, assume that "cheapness is desirable.")

However, if the case for protectionism is correctly stated, without verbal smoke-screen, it is as intellectually respectable as the case for Free Trade. As Lawrence Dennis has said, the assumption of the protectionists is that "security is desirable." Not security for John Jones, the factory hand, nor for Bill Smith, the farmer, who stand to lose when the trade and credit cycles are aggravated by the economic monkey-wrenches of the protectionists. But security for the industrial and financial *élite* who derive revenue from the internal banking system of a country, and who may need guns and ammunition and ships of war to protect their spheres of economic interest, wherever they may happen to be.

Sumner wrote a textbook on the financial history of the United States. He knew as much about money and credit as any other man of his time, so far as I am able to judge. But, in that pungent pamphlet, "Protectionism: The—Ism Which Teaches That Waste Makes Wealth," reprinted in its entirety in Volume II of the Essays, Sumner is guilty of a method of economic abstraction that seems to me indefensible. By talking for more than a hundred pages of *trade on a barter basis* (and any trade on this basis must be "free" if one is to get a maximum satisfaction of wants from the material which he has to trade), Sumner manages to forget pretty completely the conditions under which modern trade functions. He forgets the processes of borrowing and lending. He forgets that men differ (*i.e.*, that some prefer "cheapness," while others prefer "security"). He forgets the monetary aspects of

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* *ESSAYS OF WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. Edited, with prefaces, by Albert Galloway Keller and Maurice R. Davie. New Haven: Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $3 each.*

Drama of the Crisis

PANIC. A Play in Verse. By Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS play was written for stage production, and only upon a stage may it be seen and heard and judged in its completed form. The reader of the text must imagine for himself the theatrical contributions of light and sound effects, of shifting tableaux and vocal orchestration; but he at least enjoys the advantage, if his imagination is lively, of being able to supply these things in perfection, instead of possibly having to make shift with inadequate acting or faulty direction. And the reviewer of the text, even while he seeks to picture the ideal production, is not really concerned with how "Panic" may play, but only with how it reads. What has the author to say, and how has he said it?

What he has to say is to provide an interpretation of what is happening to a world which feels itself slipping from an established order towards it knows not what. And he has said what he has to say in poetry, not merely in verse;—in poetry that reduces the complexity of real life to symbols that are at once a simplification and an artistic intensification of reality. McGafferty, protagonist of the drama, is no flesh-and-blood banker and industrialist: he is the quintessence of great banking and big business, he incarnates a whole social philosophy and system of values, he embodies an era in the history of mankind. The minor bankers, who surround him, are little more than an articulate ballet, moving and speaking in the almost mechanical routine of their kind. The mob of unemployed, which invades McGafferty's office, is a poor thing as mobs go; but, speaking through the mouth of the Blind Man, it is a mighty portent and prophecy. Ione, McGafferty's mistress, is Woman. To her love is enough, man and woman in each other's arms, whatever worlds may crash. And the words spoken by the voices that rise from the street—the anonymous voices, young and old, speaking in fear, in prayer, in anguish, in hate, and in bewilderment—are not so much individual utterances as fragmentary snatches of a mighty chorus, eddying

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Social Moralists and Science

(*Continued from first page*)

the situation. And he forgets the uncomfortable phenomenon of *man as nationalist.* Sumner, in brief, was *for Free Trade,* but he neglected to determine the nature of the conditions necessary for the preservation and maintenance of the unimpeded exchange of goods.

I have never talked with a classical Free Trader who had a realistic definition of the State. The classical Free Trader's final lack of intellectual sharpness, his final argumentative impotence, invariably goes back to an unwillingness to study the State. Sumner, of course, knew a lot about the rise and composition of the State throughout recorded history. But when he came to function as a moralist in the politico-economic battles of the 1880s and 1890s, he was guilty of ambivalent definition. When it suited him to assume that the State is an impartial economic "arbiter," a judge of fairness that is "above the battle," he did so. When it suited him to assume that the State is a collection of fallible and certainly not disinterested people, he did this. Thus he played both ends against the middle.

The State, says Laski, is a "function of that group or groups which are in a position to make the most effective demands upon it."* "In a well-ordered State," says Sumner in "Protectionism," "it is the function of government to repress every selfish interest which arises and endeavors to encroach upon the rights of others. The State thus maintains justice." Every term in Sumner's sentences betrays a lack of realism that is appalling in a man whose life-work was to study the behavior of men in society. What is a "well-ordered" State? Marxists and Jeffersonians disagree. If the State is a "function of that group or groups which are in a position to make the most effective demands upon it," then it will be used, inevitably, to advance the cause of Free Trade or of Protection in so far as the power-groups deem it to their advantage so to use it. And a power group will not think in abstract, long-run terms, such as the eventual "greatest good for the greatest number." In the long run, says John Maynard Keynes, we're all dead; and what is good for "humanity" may be bad for a man's immediate position.

What I am getting at is that there is in each national unit an *élite* (to use the Paretan term, which, incidentally, may be found in the "Folkways") that is interested in maintaining its power, *i. e.*, its prescriptive rights (based on control of the police and the military) to what Harold Lasswell calls "income, deference, and safety." If Free Trade seems to offer the most effective road to maintenance of power, then Free Trade will be used, not as an end (the end is the maintenance of power), but as a means. If Protection seems to be the effective means, then it will be used.

England is the classical home of Free Trade. But England (meaning the English governing class that rose to power with the industrial revolution) did not institute Free Trade because Adam Smith had approved it; Adam Smith was thrust into prominence and made the father of Manchester political economy because Free Trade promised income, deference, and safety to the Manchester cotton goods enterprisers. It was to the immediate interests of landowners and yeomen to prevent the rise of Free Trade. In the long run, Free Trade meant a higher standard of living for the British Isles. But it meant that men whose organisms had become conditioned to the raising of corn had to die or make themselves over painfully when Free Trade made British agriculture unprofitable. If the yeomen had been able to control the fulcrum of the State, they would most certainly have prevented the rise of the Manchester school, which ended their income, made

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

them objects of contempt, and tossed them to the wolves of chance.

Free Trade must be "international." It must, in other words, be carried on in terms of a stable monetary medium. The terms of contracts must be enforced by a police power with a single aim. In brief, Free Trade cannot brook a rival *élite* with an aim that is not "cheapness," but "security." But the whole history of the nineteenth century is the history of the objection of rival *élites* in control of the fulcrums of rival States to England's "internationalism." The rival *élites* may or may not have wanted cheapness, but they did not want it to be controlled by London, through the English gold pound, or by the English police power, through the British navy and army. Control from London would necessarily entail a diminishing of local satisfactions comprised under the headings of "deference" and "safety," whatever it might mean in terms of increased income all around.

I submit that a political economy that has no room for basic human desires such as those for deference and safety is a feeble political economy. And the fact that it is feeble is being demonstrated by the political action of the heirs of the Manchester economists and industrialists. These heirs have recently been calling for protective tariffs. It may be for the good of the world that cotton manufacturing should pass from Lancashire to Japan, China, and India. It may be that the standard of living in Great Britain would eventually rise because of the free-functioning on a world scale of a "natural" division of labor. But the immediate income, and the immediate titles to deference, and the immediate safety, of the present ruling class (*i. e.*, the groups able to make the most effective demands upon the British parliament), are endangered by the rise of other cotton manufacturing areas. This being so, it is Quixotic to expect the Manchester cotton maunfacturer to sit still and let events take their natural course. His organism has been conditioned to a certain way of life. And, like any animal, he will fight to preserve his way of life. *A science of political economy will recognize this.*

An *élite's* titles to wealth depend on the soundness of the financial institutions of the national unit which is controlled by the *élite* in question. A shaky currency will, in turn, mean shaky stocks and bonds, capricious land valuation, uncertain insurance policies. If, under Free Trade, a national unit is experiencing a drain of the gold that stabilizes its currency, the *élite* will, most certainly, take steps to stop the drain, lest it lose its titles to wealth. One of the ways to stop the drain is the way of the protective tariff. An adverse balance of trade simply means that a nation is trading some of its gold for goods, instead of goods for goods. Free trade of gold for goods might, under certain conditions, mean the collapse of a banking system, which would entail a loss of the whole triad of income, deference, and safety for an *élite.* The protective tariff, by adding a cost to the foreign manufacturer, makes it improbable that an importer will foot the bill in gold for a more costly article. It makes it probable that he will buy at home, for less, thus stopping the drain of gold from one national unit into another.

Sumner would deny the relevance of all this by saying that "compensation" inevitably sets in to stop the trend of events that results in an adverse monetary position. A nation that is buying more than it is selling may, by way of compensation, borrow the difference back. But, in the end, the carrying charges of the debt, if [illegible] duce goods with which to right the balance of trade, which may or may not be the case. Individuals, in any event, will bring whatever pressure they can to bear on the fulcrum of the State. Individuals will not wait for "compensatory" economics to work if the run promises to be too long. Once more: in the long run we're all dead.)

The fact that Free Trade demands a stable monetary medium (provided before the war by a bill of exchange drawn on London) if contracts are to be validated, and the fact that it demands the police power necessary to enforce the terms of contracts, work together to make Free Traders into Imperialists. It is no accident that Britain, great Free Trade nation, is the greatest of Imperialist nations. Selling finished goods at the ends of the earth, and often lending the wherewithal to pay for these goods, demands both a stable medium of exchange and the police power or financial pressure necessary to keep it stable. But Sumner, the Man of Trust, was an anti-Imperialist. His essay on "The Conquest of the United States by Spain" is probably the most impassioned anti-imperialist document in existence. Sumner's political economy, here, splits into unreconciled halves.

And it splits again on the question of land, which is the source of all wealth used in trade. One of Sumner's essays leaves one with the distinct impression that he regarded the monopoly of land and natural resources by the powerful to be an inevitable thing. If everyone could get at the land—at the source of all wealth—there would be no question that Free Trade would be practicable. For, given access to the land, no one would lack for trading material. Henry George, a Free Trader, completed his system by evolving the political economy of the Single Tax in "Progress and Poverty." But Sumner regarded Henry George as a trifle off his head, a man with good fighting prose style but little else. And so, while Sumner argued for a "free" market on the one hand, he argued on the other for the "inevitability" of the monopolization of natural resources. As a social scientist, he may be right in observing that monopoly in land will always exist. But other social scientists may just as plausibly aver that the monopoly fostered by the protective tariff will always exist. If one fact of human desire and might is true, another similar fact may also be true. The moralist and the scientist were at war in Sumner.

In answering those who argue that "security" demands a diversification of industries, Sumner argued that a one-product nation, if that product were cheap enough to excite the desire of everyone, could have all the steel, coal, and finished goods that it wanted. Such a nation would have no need of a steel industry, said Sumner, for it could get more steel for its one product than it could if it diversified its industry to include the making of steel. Why, in the face of the inflow of steel, should this nation try to become "secure" by making steel more costly to itself?

The answer is obvious: blockades can cut off the supply of outside steel. Nations whose *élites* make a fetish of "security" know this very well. Japan may be importing scrap iron at a fast pace at the moment, but it is not doing it in the interests of cheapness. It is doing it because it cannot foster "infant" steel industries at home by protection. It simply lacks the requisite natural resources. If it had them, it would foster them, cheapness or no cheapness. And, in terms of security for the Japanese *élite* (not the Japanese people as a whole), it would be quite right to do so.

Now let me jump back to Sumner's able defender, Keller. Recently I urged many of the foregoing points upon him. "What you are saying," he replied, "is what Lowell said: 'Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.' But that doesn't invalidate Sumner's position." Well, Keller is trying to assemble enough material upon which to build, inductively, [illegible] is always on the scaffold and why "wrong" is forever on the throne? If this happens, then there must be certain laws governing the eternal crucifixion of the truths of free trade economy when they come into contact with the facts of nation-clusters and of the borrowing and lending processes of finance capitalism. Sumner flinched from a formulation of these laws because he was a moralist, not a scientist, when confronted with the behavior of human beings as animals interested in income, deference, and safety and in employing the State as a means of attaining this triad. His inability to give us a science of economic behavior derived from his vague analysis of the nature of the State. Franz Oppenheimer knew better; Harold Laski knows better. ". . . international order," says Laski, "must fit the categories of a unified economic world, and this has completely outgrown the limitations which the sovereign State, as a political category, puts upon it. An international order, to be effective, must control things like currency, tariffs, labor standards, migration, access to raw materials, the penetration of backward areas, and so forth. . . ."

This means that to get along in orderly fashion without a World State men must be inhumanly like-minded in their desires, or it means that some one Imperialist State must impose its will on the others, or it means Lenin and international communism. Or it means that we will get along without international order, which seems likely at the moment. But if we are to get along without international order, be sure the Free Traders will not find the world of the future to their liking. It will remain a world of tariffs, of currency wars, of real wars, of imperialist jockeying for position. It will remain a world of various *élites* (such as the Thyssen-Krupp *élite* of Germany) who differ from each other by variation in root assumptions. It will remain a world in which some nations fight for "cheapness," and in which some nations fight for "security." And true social scientists will study this world as it is, not as they would like it to be. They will leave the "oughts" to the moralists.

* The author of this essay has tried to demonstrate this in "Farewell to Reform" (John Day).

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Progress in Central Asia

CHANGING ASIA. By Egon Erwin Kisch. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

TURKESTAN SOLO. By Ella K. Maillart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE authors of both these books are central Europeans. Mademoiselle Ella K. Maillart is a young, attractive, intrepid Swiss; Egon E. Kisch is a Czechoslovakian journalist and author. Both present a vivid picture of their day-to-day observations and experiences in

TRAINED HUNTING EAGLE ON THE FIST OF ITS MASTER
From "Turkestan Solo."

the Soviet region between the Caspian Sea and China, with very little in the way of summary or comment. Both write vividly and interestingly, but use the present tense most of the time and give their books a certain sense of hurry and confusion. Both books also contain a good many minor inaccuracies. Mlle. Maillart, for example, puts our best cotton in the *northern* United States, while Mr. Kisch twice mentions the wabbling *buttocks* of the sheep, not observing that the supposed buttocks are huge, fat tails.

Thus far the two books are alike, but they differ greatly in one vital respect. Mlle. Maillart was very much of her own, "solo," as she well says. The fact that she could claim to be a newspaper correspondent helped her somewhat, but she lived as the people live, stood in line long hours for tickets, slept on station platforms as well as in Khirgiz tents, post stations, and filthy *chai khanas*, or tea houses. Sometimes it was not easy to protect herself from insult; sometimes she was a welcome guest of people of real refinement and culture. Mr. Kisch, on the contrary, being an eminent communist as well as a widely known writer, met with no difficulties except those of his own making, as happened when he crossed the Amu Darya on a raft of skins in a vain hunt for tigers.

The first impression derived from these two interesting books is that Central Asia is much the same old place that it was when the reviewer visited it thirty years ago. The camels certainly smell the same, the dust is just as bad, the "ariks" or irrigation canals gurgle and carry dysentery in the same old way, the melons are as sweet and juicy, and the orchards and vineyards are as delightful as of old. The people, too, have the same shiftless way of doing things.

A second impression is that in spite of the continuance of old characteristics there has been a real change. Mr. Kisch would have us believe that in Russian Turkestan, to use the old name of the whole region, as well as in Russia proper, the whole aspect of life has been changed. Here is his rosy picture as given in one of the few passages where he sums up his conclusions:

> If there had been no other change on this sixth part of the surface of the globe but that exploitation has been done away with—leaving aside the eradication of unemployment, of the misery of children, of illiteracy, of religious superstition, of corruption, leaving aside the fact that a hundred million human beings have been filled with constructive enthusiasm, with knowledge and culture, leaving aside all this—if only for the sake of abolishing exploitation, it would be worth while to live in our day and age.

But bear in mind that Mr. Kisch is a communist; he was personally conducted. Hence he sees little of the intense poverty and misery which Mlle. Maillart depicts so vividly. Judging by her account, life is far more difficult, and poverty is more widespread than formerly. Only in a few very limited areas far from the main centers did she find that sense of comfort and quietness which was one of the charms of the old days. During the reviewer's year in Turkestan it was only when locusts ate the fields as bare as a floor that the people faced any such misery as this bold Swiss woman found almost everywhere.

A third impression is as strong as either of the others. No matter whether the scene is as rosy as Mr. Kisch would paint it or as drab as Mlle. Maillart's picture, it is obvious that there is a new spirit abroad in the land. This spirit is due partly to the Russians who have recently come into this great region of deserts and mountains between the Caspian Sea and China. Back of this, however, lies perhaps the most significant thing about the whole Soviet movement. Much as Mlle. Maillart and Mr. Kisch disagree in their reports as to both comfort and change, they agree in depicting a remarkable spirit of hope and coöperation. That such a spirit can persist in spite of dire poverty and flagrant mismanagement is most hopeful. That it can exist where a wholly new type of culture is being imposed upon a relatively backward people is still more remarkable. It suggests that the Russians may be right in their claim that the best of stimulants to cheerful, effective work is the feeling that people are working for themselves and not for some master who appropriates to himself a large share of the profits of their labors.

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Ellsworth Huntington, who is research associate in geography at Yale University, was a member of the Pumpelly expedition to Russian Turkestan in 1903-04, and of the Barrett expedition to Chinese Turkestan a few years later.

Marlborough at the Peak of His Career

(*Continued from first page*)

ous materials that throw new light on his subject, thus providing a critical commentary to the Bibliography that he prints at the end of the fourth volume. His experience as a member of Parliament, as a Cabinet minister, his connection with the navy, and his military service have been of the greatest help in portraying the many-sided aspects of his subject. In addition he has gone over personally the ground covered by the campaigns described in these volumes and, furthermore, has taken the precaution to seek technical advice from military men.

Here and there he takes issue with or corrects writers who have preceded him but, with the exception of Onno Klapp, Marlborough has had few detractors during this stage of his career. Consequently, Mr. Churchill pursues his way serenely undisturbed by hostile estimates that might rouse his wrath. Indeed, he refers very infrequently to any except contemporary authorities. "Blenheim," the first of Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan's splendid trilogy, "England under Queen Anne," covers about the same period as the two volumes before us and pays ample tribute to Marlborough's genius; but, while Mr. Churchill lists it in his bibliography, he cites it only twice: once for a short quotation and once on a point connected with Admiral Sir George Rooke.

The author's admiration for his illustrious ancestor is infectious. We are made to feel that Marlborough, as was said of Lord Grey, I believe, had a mind at once minute and comprehensive like an elephant's proboscis that can pick up a pin and root up a tree. The gigantic character of his task is presented with eloquence:

> His life was a ceaseless triple struggle, first to preserve the political foundation in England which would enable her to dominate the continental war; secondly, to procure effective military action from a crowd of discordant, jealous, and often incompetent or lukewarm allies; and thirdly—and this was the easiest part—to beat the French in the field. Nothing like this concentration of business and effective action upon a single man had ever before been seen in Europe, or was soon to be seen again. King William III had filled the diplomatic and political spheres with kingly authority; but he had not the military genius which could compel the turbulent course of war. Frederick the Great possessed military gifts of the first order; but for all his sovereignty he did not preside over affairs comparable in their width and complexity to the domain of Marlborough. It is not till we reach Napoleon, the Emperor-statesman-captain, that we see the threefold combination of functions—military, political, diplomatic—which was Marlborough's sphere, applied again upon a continental scale.

The obstinate obstructiveness of the Dutch field deputies and the Dutch generals, the jealousness, vanity, and bad faith of the Margrave of Baden, the black treachery of the Electoral Prince Max Emmanuel, the fine coöperation of Godolphin, of Wratislaw, and, above all, of that remarkable figure in military annals Prince Eugene of Savoy, the bold dash to the Danube are told anew in fresh detail. Hitherto unpublished letters to Sarah and to the trusted Lord Treasurer show Marlborough in his most intimate and human aspects. While not passed over, the Dutch fears of the consequence of a battle lost might have been treated more sympathetically. The devastation of Bavaria is admitted in all its horror but the need of scattering the Elector's army is urged as a strategic necessity. For all his undisguised admiration for his subject, Mr. Churchill is in general fair in distributing praise and blame and has produced a historical contribution as well as an enduring piece of literature.

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Arthur Lyon Cross is professor of English history at the University of Michigan.

CADOGAN AND MARLBOROUGH
From "Marlborough, His Life and Times," by permission of Earl Cadogan.

A Personal Life

THE FOOL OF LOVE (A Life of William Hazlitt). By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

CONCERNED rather with the man than with the artist, Mr. Pearson's biography of Hazlitt is, in the better sense, popular in tone. He has not interested himself greatly in the esthetic or philosophical views of the critic, and he has not attempted a discussion of Hazlitt's historical significance. Mr. Pearson has contented himself with telling simply and attractively the story of Hazlitt's personal career, the center of his book being that extraordinary passion for Sarah Roscoe which consumed the critic from 1820 to 1823. On such a topic as Hazlitt, it is impossible to be dull, but Mr. Pearson has more than the negative virtues. His book moves. He has the gifts of sympathetic insight, of visualization, and of narrative. From its pages emerges the most problematical nature (next to Coleridge) among the great English romantics, a nature at once disorderly and highly integrated, violent and yet filled with a great inward calm. If there are minor flaws in the volume, the easy flow of the narrative overcomes all obstacles. Hazlitt lives.

Most of the biographical writing in English about the great romantics is curiously reverential. Dowden's "Shelley," Harper's "Wordsworth," Mason's "De Quincey" are typical volumes. Only Byron escapes, by reason, I suppose, of the fact that no biographer can avoid the tragi-comedy of his life. But there is no essential reason why the general practice should be as it is. Such writing is an inheritance of the nineteenth century, one of the more unfortunate results of Matthew Arnold's solemn doctrines about high seriousness. As a result, the most picturesque group of personalities in English literature since the days of the Mermaid tavern have been embalmed by their biographers like flies in amber. A Frenchman made a solitary raid upon the group, but unfortunately he turned Shelley into a figure in a Gallic comedy of love. But it is not so that the romantics looked at themselves. Their comments upon each other were salty. They rose to picturesque vituperation. They recorded their own foibles and those of their friends with a cruel and comic gaiety. They were alive as men and women, not perpetually frozen into immobility of literary masterpieces.

Mr. Pearson has in general struck the right note. He is neither patronizing nor deliberately droll, but he sees that the heart of his biographical problem is an incredibly funny and rather sorrowful comedy. The passion of Hazlitt for a wench is one of those unbelievable accidents that sometimes happen to genius. It may be said, of course, that the "Liber Amoris" is a better record than Mr. Pearson can hope to make, but this is not quite the whole truth. The "Liber Amoris" is the story seen from only one point of view. It does not, for example, permit us to see the amazing figure of Mrs. Hazlitt flitting about on her aimless travels; it does not give us the droll nonchalance of the Scotch divorce proceedings; it does not picture Hazlitt as he appeared to his friends. Mr. Pearson was inevitably in difficulty in writing about Hazlitt at all, for whatever he wrote was bound to be compared with Hazlitt's own prose, but at this point in his book he has deftly avoided the difficulty by ignoring the possibility of comparison. He draws upon the "Liber Amoris" as he draws upon other source material.

"The Fool of Love " is not a great book, but it is a pleasant and human one. It avoids the extremes of flippancy and of solemnity. One might wish that Mr. Pearson had not been so ready to denounce Coleridge and Wordsworth because they denounced Hazlitt, and one might wish that the vitality of Hazlitt's style had sometimes informed Mr. Pearson's more pedestrian pages. But, together with this author's previous volumes, it establishes Mr. Pearson in his chosen field as the biographer of the great Regency personalities.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Professional Youth

In the early days of the French Revolution liberal optimists all over Europe thought that a new era was beginning for mankind. Wordsworth said to be young then was very heaven. To be young in the twenties of this century was to be important just because you were young. The war had blown up the old order. There was a general idea abroad that every one over twenty-five had been proved to be a fool. The world was to be made over, and only the young knew how to do it.

Hence any young writer who wrote a novel telling what it felt like to be young, found a publisher at his elbow, and an eager public willing to try to read it. And young painters who painted with their finger nails, and young musicians who composed for one finger, and young economists who proved that everyone was wrong but themselves, and young financiers who were sure that the stock market could go on up practically forever, got a like eager reception.

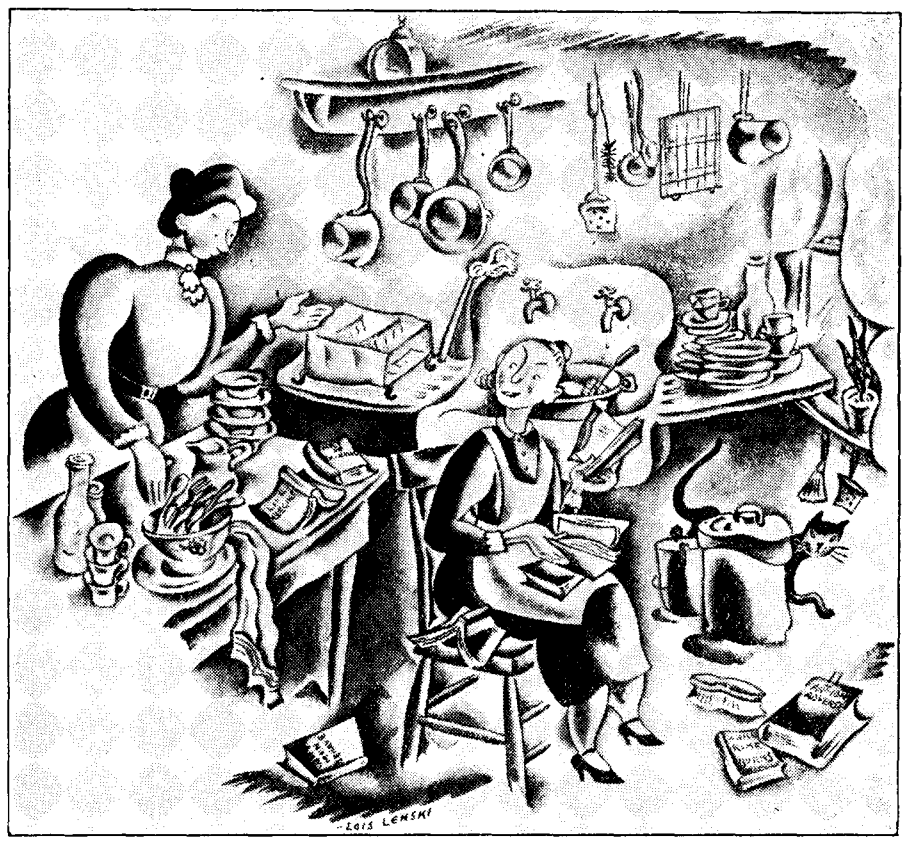
It was the big day of youth, and it was very bad for youth. Most of the novelists who came up in that period are still writing their autobiographies, although the public is tired of their autobiographies. And many of the painters and musicians are still experimenting, although no one cares for their experiments. And the young economists are turning conservative. And the young financiers are bankrupt.

The twenties was a decade of professional youth. The kind of professional youth that in America talked more than did. The kind of professional youth that in Germany followed Hitler when he said that he would give them a new Germany with everything to their liking, and are now being ditched by the Leader and his elderly capitalist friends.

But a new generation is coming on that belongs to the thirties and is still young. It has come late enough to see that the world in spite of the youth movements of the twenties is about as bad an old world as ever. It has come along in time to take an active part in whatever changes there are to be. And of one thing we all may be certain. There are going to be changes, and there will have to be changes. We have not yet paid for the war, not more than the first instalment. We have not yet got out of the depression, not more than one foot and a hand. We know that the nineteenth century capitalist system will not work, but we do not yet know what will work. We know that our fabric of civilization will not stand a great modern war without crumbling into revolution or stiffening into despotism, but we do not yet know how to avoid even a little war. And we have learned from the experience of the twenties that we cannot put the blame for the troubles of society on wicked old men, or expect that youth alone can be trusted to save us.

Upon young men and young women there should be urged the humility which the youth of the twenties so conspicuously lacked. In a preceding age of more modesty and greater confidence, youth swallowed without question most that the elders told it. That was a defect in intellect. But the opposite is just as bad. Civilization is a continuous process like the fabric of a tree. The sap runs from root to tops. When a youthful generation cuts loose from its roots and forgets about the past, what happens usually is that some demagogue gets hold of it, and leads it through all the old mistakes over again. The professional youth is easy to make a fool of. If by nature he is conservative, he becomes reactionary, because he despises the past that could tell him how foolish it is to be reactionary. If by nature he is radical, he becomes dogmatic and theoretical, because he has a contempt for the experience of the past which could tell him that society never yet (not even in that special case, Russia) has been made over according to a formula.

There is only one thing true of youth that is not true of the middle-aged. It has no more energy, not so much insight, rather less disposition toward change, no more optimism, no more courage, only a trifle more willingness to take chances, not so much originality in thinking. But it has more time. It can wait. It has time to learn, and then time to make use of what it has learned. The young college men and women of the twenties were in too much of a hurry. They went off without their baggage. Their profession was youth and that was all they needed. It was not enough.



"OH, BUT READING'S MY HOBBY!"

Letters to the Editor: *The Adventures of a Short Story Writer*

Qualities and Slicks

SIR:—I took up Mr. Benét's article on magazines in *The Saturday Review* prepared to enjoy disagreeing with him. I am delighted to find that he has a good word or two to say for the "popular" ones.

Some time ago, he read a story of mine. Someone, was it Priscilla Crane, showed it to him, and I was immensely flattered at having a letter from him in which he told me that it was "a remarkable story," but that there wasn't much chance of any magazine in the country printing it. Subsequently an agency turned it down, albeit with high praise. It was accepted and published by the first magazine I sent it to, one of the quality group. There is, I think, a more definite cliché for those magazines than the popular ones. You must not be happy about anything, you must, if you are naive enough to write a story about a hero, have him overcome, and you must be sure to leave your readers convinced that all is not well with the world and never will be. This, of course, is the truth, and yet I have a shrewd suspicion that there is something fundamentally sound in the attitude of the popular magazines. The Great American Public is right in refusing to read the garbage can stories. It can't afford to be defeatist. They leave those to the intellectuals, who for the most part survey the struggle from the vantage point of an ivory tower. I once asked my colored cook if she really believed in Heaven. (She was humming "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," over our Sunday dinner.) "Good lawd, Miss Margaret," said she, "would I be cookin' for you after ten years of it, if I *didn't?*"

After my nice little bit about the child who murdered her father came out in print, a woman's magazine asked me if I wouldn't write them one! "But not quite so grim, please. . . ." I did, and they bought it! (How or why I don't know!) Then I wrote another, sent it to another of the quality group, and was told that it was obscure, and when I could write one which was plain to the meanest intelligence, to let them see it. Whereupon I sold it to a popular monthly, with a 2,000,000 circulation! Not only that, but when I asked them timidly what in general they liked in the way of fiction, they said, "YOU write what YOU want. Then bring it here. . . ." I sent them several, most happily for myself.

So my experience bears Mr. Benét out, that there is in general a good deal to be said for the big circulation sheets, in spite of their blurbs.

MARGARET S. RICHARDSON.

New York City.

Authors and Circulating Libraries

SIR:—I read your editorial on the circulating library with mixed feelings. By all means, more power to the libraries. But the writer, also, must eat. Though he may have fifteen or twenty readers to every copy in circulation, he gets only one royalty. There is a movement, now, to procure for the author a small honorarium from every reader—a few cents each time the book is lent out. This movement has my almost hysterical support.

ROBERT NATHAN.

New York City.

"When the Looms Are Silent"

SIR:—Someone has just called my attention to Dr. Blossom's letter on my review of Van der Meersch's "When the Looms Are Silent"—I'm sorry I didn't see it when it first appeared.

Of course, I expected Dr. Blossom to defend the book he translated, but I can't let pass unchallenged his plain statement that I didn't read the book on which I passed so brutal a judgment. Dr. Blossom bases his assertion on a line in your review of my novel and one phrase in my review of "When the Looms Are Silent"—my remark that "there was no provision for feeding the strikers." But this is a quotation out of context; what I actually said was that the strike with which the book dealt was wretchedly disorganized, called against the will of most of the workers, etc., and the "no provision" was one aspect of the disorganization. I should have said no adequate provision, but it doesn't make much difference—the whole last part of the book deals with the general sense of defeat and frustration generated by the hunger of the strikers and their families.

Unimportant? The whole point is that Van der Meersch is writing about a particularly futile and unnecessary sort of strike, one that is unpopular even to the strikers, since they seem to have no enthusiasm and no real grievances to keep them going. And that he implicitly and directly suggests that the rare sort of event he presents is typical. Hence he cannot explain why it is that the strike drags on, though everybody, apparently, wants it to end.

As for Dr. Blossom's statement that the book is "literature, pure and simple"—I wish you would read it, merely to see how little a man dominated by Van Der Meersch's beliefs can get out of an event of this sort. The last part of the book is movie hokum, pure and simple, with its labored and accidental happy ending, its lover's reconciliation—even the man the reader has been told is dead comes back to life, the whole episode of his death having been a mistake, and takes his sweetheart in his arms on the last page! Of course, even *that* could be made literature, but not by the hasty, amateurish, Ethel M. Dell methods that Van Der Meersch employs.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

New York City.

"Closed Doors"

SIR:—Your brief review of Miss Lillian Hellman's play, "The Children's Hour," in the *Review* for March 2, contains an omission with which I am becoming rather familiar. (Not that I suppose it is really any of my business.) But a rather nice point of literary ethics is involved.

It was first pointed out in John Mason Brown's department in the *New York Post* for November 26, 1934, the day after the opening of "The Children's Hour," that Miss Hellman's play beyond a shadow of a doubt was based on a scandal which occurred in Edinburgh in 1810. The case was so thoroughly hushed up that only two copies of the records of the trials following the breaking of the scandal escaped censorship. One of these was discovered by William Roughead, the Scottish criminologist. He wrote a long essay on the case which he entitled, "Closed Doors; or, The Great Drumsheugh Case," and included it in a book, "Bad Companions," issued by his usual publishers, W. Green and Son, Ltd., of Edinburgh, in 1930. The New York firm of Duffield and Green issued it here the next year—less than two years, as Edmund Pearson pointed out in the *New York Post* of January 24, 1935, before Miss Hellman began her play. The play follows the case in minute detail—I shall not take up space listing the similarities. But no credit is given Mr. Roughead either on the theatre program or in the printed version.

Interviewed on the evening that the play opened, Miss Hellman, in answer to a question as to how she happened to conceive the character of the Satanic brat, replied: "The imp came out of my own head." It is my suggestion that she should have said, "The imp came out of my own Roughead." But perhaps Miss Hellman doesn't like wisecracks.

EARLE WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

SHINING AND FREE. By G. B. STERN. *Knopf.* Further chronicles of the Matriarch.

MARLBOROUGH: His Life and Times. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Scribners.* Vols. III and IV of this biography.

PEACE AND THE PLAIN MAN. By SIR NORMAN ANGELL. *Harpers.* A scientific discussion of peace programs.

This Less Recent Book:

MALAISIE. By HENRI FAUCONNIER. *Macmillan.* A tale of white men in the tropics.

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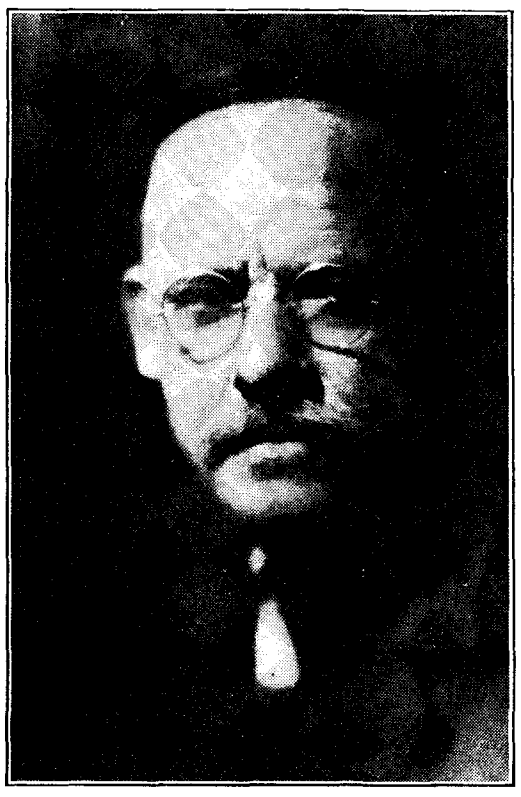
Literary Reciprocity

BY LEONARD BACON

ORDINARILY I have a venomous hatred for abstracts of excellence. The only anthologies fit for a gentleman's shelves, according to me, are such as contain flowers complete to the last petal. To shift the metaphor, the spectacle of maimed and mutilated specimens arouses in me such emotions as the legendary African traveler might be supposed to feel when he saw the Abyssinian cut a porterhouse from the flank of the living steer. But with respect to Professor Copeland's anthology* which is before me it may be said that he has anesthetized the animal when possible, he enjoys his meal, and it is pleasant to watch him enjoy it. His good-humored and systematically unsystematic survey from Leningrad to Dublin and points South (Scandinavia is conspicuously absent) disarms the captious precisian.

And that unpleasant person must also acknowledge the faultless taste which leads Professor Copeland to his prey, be it a biographical anecdote, a brief but taking tale, the high point of a tragedy, or the nub of a philosophy. Nor can praise be withheld from an editor who has managed to infuse into his collection the quality of good conversation. The selections give the effect of having been seized on to illustrate a point that has suddenly emerged in the course of agreeable talk. You can almost hear the man say, after rambling luxuriously through a passage of Remy de Gourmont: "Now that reminds me of Paul Sabatier." This at once removes the book from vulgar categories. The mere delightful preoccupation with what pleases him is practically bound to please others. *Rerum Copeya Copeyam verborum gignit.*

Though the observation is gratuitous, it is none the less pleasant to remark that Professor Copeland is an amiable and interesting man. Everything about his rather monumental omnium gatherum, from the Shandean introduction (in itself almost a masterpiece of apposite irrelevance) to the casual parenthetic comments on a multitude of authors French, German, Italian, Russian, and Irish, not to mention the nature of the selections, is proof of the statement. He has been guided by the simple but sufficient principle that the chosen passages were entertaining to him, and his collection thus escapes almost completely from the hateful condemnation of most similar works. You are always comfortably aware that the editor is making no high-faluting effort to instruct your ignorance or enlarge your horizon, though he may conceivably achieve the impossible. After knocking around from Goethe to Zweig, from Dante to Gyp, you begin to like the book for much the same reason that the Duke of Wellington liked the Order of the Garter.



CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND
Photo by Pirie MacDonald

Beyond all this the collection has done this reviewer the equivocal service of galvanizing a group of notions almost as random in their character as Professor Copeland's own prefatory remarks. Many inkwells have gone dry on the subject of translation. There is no tongue nor language without appropriate clichés. I promise not to spring the Italian commonplace. But the oldest of all, after a cruise through such a book (a brief and hurried voyage), renews itself in virginal simplicity and aboriginal meaning. Translation really is a note of civilization, as orthodoxy and persecution are notes of the True Church. A time full of translations is a time of improving manners and increasing amenity. And a time full of good translations means a still better time. Curiosity with respect to other men's thought and emotion is not unrelated to the Fear of the Lord. Athens was interested in Persia and Egypt. Augustan Rome was interested in Greece. The Elizabethan was interested in both not to mention contemporary France and Italy. And I think it is a safe bet that the well-greaved Achæan was mad to know the meaning and the music of the lost poetry of Cnossus.

That translation ought to be an art Professor Copeland affirms and no man in his senses will deny. That under present circumstances it has, in instances too numerous to particularize, shrunken to a sort of degenerate and illiterate stenography is the naked and hateful truth. No Nobel prize-winner can feel safe in the hands of the polyglots of Manhattan. He runs every chance of being robbed of his ideas and defrauded of his delicacy. "Without faith, without hope, without charity, without English, without even the theoretically necessary Engadinish," the most easily obtainable tyro undertakes the slaughter of the innocent, while the publisher, unaware of the ruin he has wrought, reflects pleasantly that the work in process of martyrdom knocked 'em dead in Vienna and ought to sell its ten thousands. We have come a long way from Gawin Douglas of whom Scott remarked that for all his ecclesiastic pride he was

> More pleased that in a barbarous age
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page.

There is little aristocratic artistry in the make-up of the sad Pentecostal hack as he sits reducing vivid foreign prose to the ridiculous and meaningless English of Ollendorf.

The problem of translation is as complex as any with which men of letters have concerned themselves. From the beginning of time there has been an implicit controversy about a graspable thought and an impalpable spirit. Not much ingenuity is required to imagine a Cro-Magnard critic maintaining under the red bulls of Altamira the moth-fretted thesis that in a sophisticated tongue it is impossible to recapture the laconic but pregnant naiveté of Neanderthal. About the best men have been able to do is to clothe the thought of the alien in an idiom not unacceptable to the taste of the times. And both times and taste have strange ways of changing, which accounts for whole successions of Dantes and complete dynasties of Homers. Cary remade the Florentine in the image of Milton. At least two heroic moderns have given us the entire "Divine Comedy" in the original terza rima. It may well be that both methods will look silly in 2035. So true it is that in the main the translation of masterpieces tend to be as transient as their originals are permanent. It is only here and there that some huge exception, completely resistant to the secular process, stands forth, enduring isotope of the prime element. The Italian Florio naturalized the sun-loving Gascon among the fortunate Hyperboreans. Rabelais, under the incredible hand of Urquhart, grew as English as Shakespeare without ceasing to be as French as—Rabelais. Other examples of practically complete transference could easily be adduced. But by and large, ignoring the Bible, which is classic in some European tongues though not in all, the absorption of the work of one language into another is uncommon.

The reasons for this are not too clear, but two major difficulties at once appear even to the casual observer. In the first place translation is extremely hard. In the second, translators are badly treated and hence men of ability often prefer to do something else—anything else. With respect to the first difficulty the mastery of a foreign tongue is something that can be obtained, not without sweat, for ordinary purposes. But when the purposes are extraordinary the story comes out differently. An Englishman who can write a grammatically correct letter in Russian, may obey the rules, but he does not understand the implications of the Slavic verb-aspects as a Russian understands them. And it is in the cleft of that oak that the hand of the translator is wedged. Sooner or later, generally sooner, he fails to bring over the felicity of which he may have been dimly aware. He may have synthetized a substitute for beauty, but the frame of the language has not and could not qualify the fabric of his thought. All translators good or bad fall within this bitter predicament. And the Lord have mercy on their souls.

And as the old crack goes, He is the only one who will. That their task is hard is too bad. That they should be held in low estimation for undertaking it is worse. No one ever has a kind word for them, not they themselves. Not Pope "translating ten long years with Broome." If they are mentioned at all, they are talked about as if they were lackeys, as if their job were a second-rate sort of business, requiring no ability and less brains, a mere dubious drudgery whose reward is broken meat after the Lords have left the table. And such a job in fact it has often been. People, otherwise of clear intelligence, speak of translation as if North had had no hand in the startling majesties of Shakespeare, as if Florio were not a glorious star of style, as if Urquhart, quite apart from his transplendent original, were not himself one of the most engaging and individual eccentrics that ever drove goose-quill; and, if we may descend to the moderns, as if Constance Garnett did not have the whole English-speaking world in her debt, as if Arthur Ryder and Arthur Waley had not showered us with the pearl and gold of the two antithetical gorgeous Easts.

To paraphrase the Elizabethan, the literature of an unknown tongue is a Great South Sea, it may be an unviable Antarctica. To discourage good pilots and guides familiar with the enigmatic snows is the fine flower of unintelligence. We must cease to regard a competent translator as if he were somehow the inferior of a fourth-rate novelist. We must learn that his calling is an art for the able and the sensitive and not a pitiful craft which may appropriately be left to ca' canny journeymen. We must get it through our heads that, in the words of the hoary but suggestive comparison, only fine engravers can make fine engravings of fine paintings. Should that get through our heads we may have again the sort of thing that happened in Jacobean England when a poet-laureate took the conceit out of a Greek love-song to make the most English of lyrics, or that happens today in Java and the Isles when a Malay, at the tiller of his prau, sings, in complete ignorance that bards were before him in India, the epic of the war in the Golden Chersonese and how Rama won back his bride from the demon-king.

Leonard Bacon has translated the "Song of Roland," and collaborated in an English rendition of Serbian heroic ballads.

* *THE COPELAND TRANSLATIONS. Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1934. $5.

The Exquisite Doctor

THE LETTERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS TO ROBERT BRIDGES. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS AND RICHARD WATSON DIXON. Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. 2 *vols.* $10.

Reviewed by SHANE LESLIE

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS is now well precipitated on the career of fame from which he shrank as a follower of Saint Ignatius. His least fragments are reverentially collected. Pedants collate and universities print his secret poetry. If ever a tropical bird hopped amongst sparrows or a nightingale lifted tune amid chaffinches!

With Baron Corvo he is reckoned one of the lost writers of the Anglo-Catholic revival but now the twain, who were so long and difficult to acquire, have passed into the apotheosis of biography. Corvo is hailed as a Stendhalian type, a pioneer of modern behavior, while Hopkins is discerned to be the blazing herald of all modern verse. On becoming a Jesuit he burnt his boats, even his fairy skiff of poesy. Seven years of silence left him bursting with wonderful new ideas about "sprung rhythms" and counterpoint and "lustress." His correspondents, Dixon and Bridges, roused him to write again on the plea that one vocation cannot destroy another. It was typical of the religious mind that the Jesuit *Month* refused his two masterpieces. But did not *The Dublin Review* turn down Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley?

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS IN 1880

Austere and penitential was Hopkins's path but out of the stifling slums in Liverpool and even more stifling examination rooms of Dublin University he poured forth poems which read like orchestral compared to piano compositions. These elaborated volumes contain the passionate dark flowers of his experiment and criticism. They will give food as long as the language informs the musical or inspires the pedantic. Bridges's Letters have perished. Perhaps he felt too brilliant and biting a contrast. But Canon Dixon's survive as foils to his Christianly-carping correspondent. We grudge all the care with which Hopkins dissected his uninspiring poetry. We glean snatches of that criticism for lack of which the Victorian era expired like a barren Phoenix.

Browning has

> a way of talking and making his people talk with the air and spirit of a man bouncing up from table with his mouth full of bread and cheese and saying that he meant to stand no blasted nonsense.

Why did Wordsworth not learn that Sonnets have a natural *charpente* and structure never to be broken through? For want of knowing this his inspired Sonnets suffer from hernia and combine the tiro's blunder with the master's perfection.

When Cardinal Newman compared Milton's Agonistes to Thalaba—

It is as if you were to compare the

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Panathenaic frieze and a teaboard and decide in the teaboard's favor.

Through Milton he found the secret art of counterpoint and evolved his fantastic metrical theories. Let him that hath an ear follow the writhing melody-hunt of these letters.

In Robert Bridges he found human counterpart and poetical counterpoint. Hopkins was his master in prosody and would have liked to have been so in his spiritual life. Bridges learned to write poetry to Hopkins's invisible baton. As for the hairshirt and spiritual scourge he flinched. He suffered his Muse but not his soul to be caught in the glittering mesh. It is certain that Hopkins reconciled all his loss of ink and time with the secret hope of converting Bridges. Bridges eluded the net but caught enough flash and foam to make himself Poet Laureate of England—twenty years after his master

ROBERT BRIDGES
Drawing by William Rothenstein, from "Men and Memories" (Coward-McCann).

lay in a grave as secluded and sacrosanct as his own ascetic verse.

Once more so much is valuable in quotation. Out of hundreds we glean—

> The poetical language of an age should be the current language heightened to any degree and unlike itself but not an obsolete one.

> Between a fineness of nature, which would put him in the first rank of writers, and a poverty of language, which puts him in the lowest rank of poets, Burns takes to my mind about a middle place.

> Disillusion is a bad word: you mean Disenchantment.

The letters cover a galloping gamut: not only a laboratory of harmonies but the best study of Cuckoosong: an account of Anglo-Saxon speech revived (he wishes to call the potato an earthapple): some music set to Sappho's Greek: a summary of the sad effects of literary revision, "the worst is that one seasons over a thing and one's first verjuice flattens into slobber and sweet syllabub." What a ghastly truth!

There was humor, too, as in his account of wrangling with a card sharper in a train or of an organist drunk at the organ which is: "delicately comic. It brings together the bestial and the angelic elements in such a quaint entanglement." He was swept round from Church pillar to teaching post and back from post to pillar: "permanence with us is gingerbread permanence: cobweb, soapsuds, and frost-feather permanence." He was his own best critic:

> Inscape is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped.

But nothing can hinder the ore flashing under the pedant's pick, even under Professor Abbott's dull introductions. Only a poet or a Jesuit could understand how to write the summary of the agonizing Hopkins for he was time's miracle—both. Vainly he called himself "Time's Eunuch" albeit for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake!

Shane Leslie, English writer, poet, and critic, is at present lecturer in English at Notre Dame University.

A Pious Elegy

THE KING OF THE JEWS. By Mary Borden. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THIS is so obviously a labor of love on the part of the author that one feels a certain delicacy in criticizing. Its smooth, melodious sentences flow on and on, expressing an easily sustained mood—easily sustained, at least, by Mary Borden—of vague, pleasant, highly noble emotion. Eventually, any reader less idealistic than the author is likely to find the whole thing become intolerably cloying to his palate. The book marks a further stage in Mary Borden's retreat from life to what used to be called, deprecatingly, mere literature. Subjectively more consistent than its predecessor, "Mary of Nazareth," it is written with less intensity and with much less imaginative realization; its heavily adjectived sentences have verbal beauty, but they conceal instead of revealing their content, or rather they reveal the author's attitude toward her subject, but not the subject itself.

The book deals with the period immediately following the crucifixion; its theme is the traditional one of the influence of the resurrection upon the disciples in changing them from cowards into heroes. In handling such a subject, it is peculiarly necessary, in order to avoid confusion, that the author have a definite point of view. Free, certainly, to choose his presuppositions, he is not free to play fast and loose with their consequences. The resurrection story can be presented from the orthodox viewpoint of divine significance, signs, and miracles, or it can be treated rationalistically as a tale of human suffering and confusion evolving its redeeming myth. As in "Mary of Nazareth," Miss Borden has tried to do both at once. Her fundamental approach is rationalistic; her Jesus hanging on the cross is simply "the village rabbi, that young, brave, glorious Jew who had shown in every word and deed his supreme indifference to worldly affairs" but whom men would later make "a member of the Godhead and worship . . . as if he were himself a god," founding in his name "a rich and mighty church in which the Jews would have no part," in which every item of his teaching would be transformed into its opposite. Such a conception is essentially tragic, naturally carrying with it such an emotional attitude as that of the logically minded Shelley in the first act of "Prometheus Unbound." But Miss Borden, lacking the courage of her unbelief, seeks to retain the emotions that are appropriate only on a basis of profound religious conviction. Her narrative repeats half-heartedly the signs and wonders of the gospels born of an entirely different *Weltanschauung*. Her book is a product of the typically modernist desire to eat one's cake and keep it, too. It reminds one of the celebrated definition of a Unitarian as "a man who has retained the habit of going to church after he has forgotten the reason for going."

Though there is much faithful chronicling of local customs in the book, there is no real attempt to recreate the atmosphere of the period. We are never allowed to forget that we are looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope, across a vista of historic time. "No scholar of the period noted the day, nor was there any prophet left among the Jews to tell that strange religious people that something of peculiar importance had been accomplished." Such sentences on nearly every page create an elegiac mood fatal to the existence of the characters in their own right. Pontius Pilate gleams for a moment almost real in his perplexities, much like some baffled British official in India who is struggling both to do his duty and to keep his job; and there is genuine pathos in the picture of Mary Magdalene, left alone in her sorrow unalleviated by the missionary labors which mitigated that of the disciples; but with these and a few other passing exceptions, the emotions are those of Mary Borden, not those of the characters.

The story of Jesus is a divine or human tragedy, which you will, but Miss Borden has reduced it to the level of a pious elegy. Those who can still, like the author, derive satisfaction from immersing themselves in the phraseology of religious emotion without its content, will enjoy participating with her in this exercise. The need for consolation is great, and one who offers it in even such a pallid form has offered something. But it is not the sort of something that we once long ago hoped for from Mary Borden.

Marriage is a Struggle

SHOULDER THE SKY. By James Gray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS novel is really, in the words of its author, a story about the "tension of an intimacy from which something is withheld." The phenomenon often happens in marriage. It makes a great deal of the trouble and causes plenty of divorces. The story of Eugene and Marietta is not peculiar. They are average young people who live in Minnesota. He is a doctor. The book begins well and is rather well written, though its manner does not move me to praise particularly—or to blame. It's that kind of book. But any truthful story of the obstacles to the fulfilment of human love, which may be very real and strong, and yet constantly thwarted by peculiar psychological factors—any honest story of this kind cannot but be interesting.

As Eugene put it, his wife had "a swell start toward being a frigid woman"; and it seemed to be nobody's fault. That is something no one ever speaks about, but the kind of thing that sends many marriages on the rocks. Marietta's brother, Hartley, is a good deal to blame for her inhibited state. As Eugene says, he "strangled spontaneity out of her" in her childhood by his bullying. The husband is working very hard in his country practice. An interesting aspect of the book is the account of his relationship with the different people of the community. Meanwhile he is worrying and grieving over the married relationship. A friend of Eugene's has a husband who goes crazy and Eugene and Janet drift together. Marietta starts to drink too much and to go down hill. That is the early situation, and I don't intend to give away any more of

JAMES GRAY

the plot. I may say, however, that the book is more interesting for its psychological complexities than for any complications of action. Between dashes, a good many of Eugene's thoughts get set down. The marriage finally works out, and wins its way to happiness.

Nothing is truer than that the finest kind of love is a constant job; and the attainment of real happiness something one has to work at most waking hours of the day. Young people resent bitterly these facts. They resent the fact that love does not stay as much fun as it was when it was mostly passion. They resent being unhappy. Their resentment makes novels. Eugene, in this book, is a very good resenter; and he puts up a good fight all the way through. Many married men will see themselves in him.

James Gray, the author, is a Minneapolis man. Choosing the locale he knows, he has written a good workmanlike novel. It is adult and intelligent.

Drama of the Crisis

(*Continued from first page*)

words tossed aloft by the winds of thought and emotion that blow through a world in mysterious travail. In short, Mr. MacLeish has seized upon the great current experience common to us all, and sublimated it in symbolism, in poetry, and in drama.

The action of the play occupies two and a half hours of an evening in late February, 1933. On the same stage two scenes are lighted alternately, with no division between them: The Street, on the apron of the stage, and McGafferty's Office, upstage and raised by several steps. "Foreclosures in . . . closed . . . foreclosing . . . factories closing doors." With these words, flashed on the electric bulletin in the street, and repeated by confused voices, the action opens. The crowd is in the grip of events it does not understand. What is happening? What is the cause of it all? The signs that give answer to the first question are clear. An old man speaks:

> The swifts nest in
> Stacks that for generations
> Flowed smoke. The patience of
> Hawks is over the cities:
> They circle in clean light where the
> Smoke last year frightened them.

But what of the second question? None in the street knows the answer. Nor do they know it in McGafferty's office, where the bankers are in conference. "What's behind it!" cry the bankers. "Who knows what's behind it? Who can tell us?" So they reiterate their futile questions, while the news ticker rattles on. "Michigan . . . Guardian Trust . . . loans called." "Michigan . . . Governor called . . . crowds threatening." What's behind it? "Nobody knowing what started it! Nobody knowing!" So moan the bankers. And then McGafferty rises and speaks: "No? Well I will gentlemen: I'll learn it—" And the real drama of "Panic" is the drama of McGafferty's learning, the dramatic sequence of psychological stages by which he comes to a realization of the truth.

At first he is a pillar of pride, of cynicism, and of contempt for his frightened fellows. "God, you talk like girls that see a ghost!" The answer to panic is cash.

> A hundred million's easy round this table.
> A hundred million does it—stops the runs—
> Flattens the fear out. It's been done before.
> Our fathers did it.

Then come the unemployed and the Blind Man. Look at them, says McGafferty. Look at them! "There you are gentlemen! There's your ghost!" How can such a pitiable rabble inspire fear? And the Blind Man answers that he is right. He need not fear them. There are millions of them, but they are feeble, sick, hungry, impotent. They have lived too long and learned too well in a world made by McGaffertys. The slaves have learned the wise slave's tricks. But one thing, and one only, there is to fear.

> It is not we who threaten you! Your ill is
> Time and there's no cure for time but dying! . . .
> You yourselves in your own mind will make the
> Fate that murders you. The bursting seed of
> Death is rotting ripe beneath your tongues!

McGafferty has begun to learn his lesson. He can laugh down the Revolution. He can pour scorn on those who say they love mankind. He can flay them in two of the most eloquent passages of the whole drama, calling them "The sick souls, Herding like hogs in the hang of the dark to be rid of the Man's burden of living their forefathers won for them." But there is no escape from time, from destiny, from the fate. From the fates—

> The three bitches with
> One eye the hitch of the
> Woolen thread on their thumbs and the
> Scissors for what's to become of us!

There is no escaping the will to die, the death that gnaws from within. Once McGafferty—symbolizing a class, a system of values, a civilization—begins to learn this lesson, every movement of the drama is inevitable until he reaches his last decision, and the final chorus of many voices shouts in the street: "Man's fate is a drum!"

The poet has given his answer to the question asked by the bankers and all the anonymous voices, and it is an answer that

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will be unpleasing to those who believe in the Revolution and in the ultimate significance of the class struggle. For there is nothing here to fatten the egos of the warriors in either camp. The only victors are the old, eternal victors; the three bitches with the scissors and the hitch of woolen thread. The answer is the answer known to the great Greek tragic dramatists. The author of "The Dynasts" would have given the same answer. But Archibald MacLeish has made the answer his own, in the best poetry that he has written, in some of the most deeply felt and most stimulating poetry that this generation has had the privilege of reading fresh from the press. There are those who may find it unbearable that he strips man of the pride of his will, but those who agree with Mr. MacLeish's view of the artist's function in society will salute his proud artistic accomplishment with gratitude, respect, and enthusiasm. The artist, at least, has not abdicated. We hear much nonsense to the effect that poetry is not a fit medium for the expression of our days. Here is one more reply to such nonsense, if one more reply is needed.

G. B. STERN

Matriarch's Day

SHINING AND FREE. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THIS is a pendant to the "Matriarch" trilogy, and readers who are already acquainted with the Rakonitz family need no further recommendation. For the benefit of others, we hasten to say that "Shining and Free" can be read independently. It is the story of a day in the life of the Matriarch, Anastasia Rakonitz, on the eve of her eighty-eighth birthday. She is in the last and most violent stages of what her innumerable family refer to as "one of her bad times." This is characterized by an abnormal flow of energy; a habit of going out alone for supper at midnight and bringing back a houseful of ill-assorted guests; and an indomitable will which impresses her own view of life, hospitality, diet, and conduct on her long-suffering daughter, her granddaughters, nephews, nieces, and other connections.

The Matriarch is as rich and entertaining a character as contemporary fiction can offer. To try to describe her would necessitate telling the whole story of "Shining and Free," for on every page of her hilarious, outlandish adventure there is something new. Of course her family is still struggling for release from her domination—just as they were ten years ago in "A Deputy was King"—but it is only in her "bad times" now that the struggle is necessary. The pull of will against will, of generation against generation, is not what it used to be before the Matriarch had her stroke. There is, indeed, still a struggle with her daughter Truda, and Mrs. Stern gives us both sides of it. But the granddaughters are only sketched in. "Shining and Free," unlike the previous Rakonitz novels, is not a long, leisurely story of a family in its complex relationships. It does not, and is probably not meant to, convert the trilogy into a tetralogy. It is a pendant—a sort of unexpected and delightful extra dividend declared by Miss Stern for her readers. And it should increase their numbers.

The BOWLING GREEN

An Indiscretion

LOVERS of Thomas Hardy still remember with pleasure an article which appeared in the New York *Times* shortly after Hardy's death in 1928. It informed the American public that "according to Sir Edmund Goose" (*sic*) Hardy's first novel, after being rejected by two publishers, had been burned by the author.

Professor Carl J. Weber, of Colby College, reminds us of this agreeable gaffe; and indeed Sir Edmund Gosse was anserine to believe that so careful a hoarder of MS as Hardy had destroyed his firstling. Professor Weber, in a little book now published by the Johns Hopkins Press,* brings forward satisfying evidence that the gist of Hardy's maiden effort has been lying unrecognized all these years in the *New Quarterly Magazine* for July 1878. Only three copies of this magazine have been discovered by Professor Weber in this country: one in the Library of Congress, one in the Brooklyn Public Library, one in the possession of Mr. Paul Lemperly of Lakewood, Ohio, whose name is well known to collectors. But there must be plenty more of them, and I advise the cherishers of old magazines to rummage their bins.

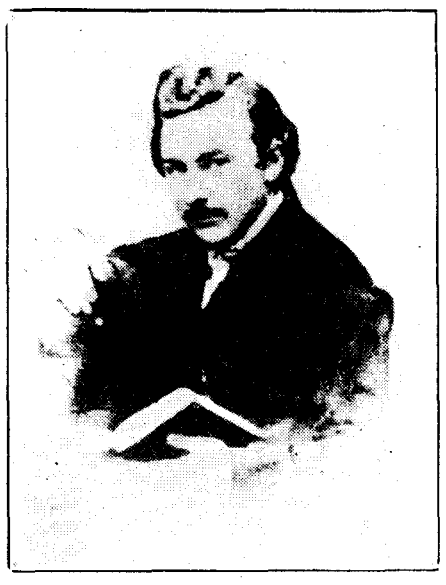
It was the sharp-eyed Mr. Lemperly who collated the story *An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress* in the *New Quarterly* with a letter written to Hardy by Alexander Macmillan in 1868. Macmillan pointed out the soft spots in a novel, *The Poor Man and the Lady,* which the young architect had submitted. Mr. Lemperly was convinced that the *Indiscretion* was simply a revision of the earlier novel and started Professor Weber on the trail. The conclusions reached by the latter seem convincing enough. The thrifty young Hardy carved up his rejected MS, which had been (and very justly) deprecated not only by Macmillan but by John Morley and George Meredith. Bits of it, Weber thinks, Hardy put into *Desperate Remedies* and *Under the Greenwood Tree.* When in '78 he moved from Dorset to London he rewrote and condensed the rest and sold it to the magazine in the form of a novelette. We may well be grateful to Carl Weber for disinterring it, for it is deliciously preposterous. The ironical title, and an occasional phrase of brooding power, show the genuine gristle of Hardy; but mostly it has the savor of tripe. It can be read with encouragement by any editor or struggling writer; supreme evidence of how lamely a great hand may begin its career.

The heiress, whose indiscretion was a very mild one, is Geraldine Allenville, only child of a Wessex squire, "a hard featured man of five-and-forty." The story opens (and very charmingly) at evening service in Tollamore Church—probably Stinsford, where Hardy's heart is now buried. The young schoolmaster, in charge of the village children in the gallery, is gazing down at a solitary young lady in the squire's pew below—"and a very sweet lady was she." Occasionally she even returns his gaze. This is Geraldine, only seventeen, but seemingly (from her conversation) mature beyond her years.

A few days earlier the schoolmaster (Egbert Mayne, age 20) has rescued her from walking heedlessly into the belting of a steam threshing machine. She thanks him impulsively—"almost, indeed, with imprudent warmth"—and he, regardless of their difference in social grade, promptly falls in love with her. This difference of station, which is the burden of the whole story, might not seem to us to have been so serious: Egbert's father had been a painter of some talent who had settled in the country and married a farmer's daughter. But the early-Victorian abyss between the squire and the village must have been a real one, and perhaps painful to Hardy himself in youth. We must accept the assumptions of the tale as naïvely as we would a Boucicault melodrama. Geraldine herself, moved by mischief or curiosity, finds excuse—in her position as local châteleine—to make a visit of inspection to the school. Poor Egbert is entranced by her beauty, which the young novelist describes with deep feeling, even to "the elegant contrivances of her attire."

But of course we require complication, and it is at hand. Old Farmer Broadford, Egbert's grandfather with whom he lives, is to be put out of his tenant farm by the hard featured squire. The old gaffer is ill with anxiety; Egbert hangs about the squire's grounds in the hope of interceding. He walks, reading a book, through a shrubbery near the mansion; there he sees Geraldine "robed in fur and standing at ease outside an open French casement." Naturally she asks what he is reading; it is *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* "a poem which at that date had never been surpassed in congeniality to the minds of young persons in the full fever of virulent love." (A delightful essay could be written on the various books which in different epochs have been judged suitable to touch off a sentimental rapprochement.) At any rate she expresses her interest in books, and he has a chance to plead for his grandfather. She averts the eviction, and he is all the more her slave.

As in the *Aeneid,* or in *Troilus and Criseyde,* it's a rainstorm that starts the trouble. Geraldine comes again to visit the school; a downpour starts, and detains her; after the children have gone the young dominie suddenly kisses her. He feels that he has committed a crime. And on top of his remorse, word comes that the grandfather is to be turned out after all. Desperately he waits again to see her; to apologize and renew the appeal. He is so eloquent that she weeps, and forgives him, but the "dressing bell" at the big house calls her away. Shortly afterward Gaffer Broadford, who has never been himself since the threat of eviction, falls from a corn-stack, is badly injured, and dies. This tragedy, moving Geraldine with a sense of guilt, brings them together again. Her innocent mind had not realized that she was "on the verge of committing the most horrible social sin—that of loving beneath her." Egbert decides that his only course must be to go to London, to become rich and famous. Then he can honorably propose. In the admirable scene of the parting Hardy shows some of the searching humor which was truly his. Of Egbert's early rising in the sadness of departure, "Few things will take away a man's confidence in an impulsive scheme more than being called up by candlelight upon a chilly morning to commence working it out." And Geraldine, encouraging him: "You will come back some day a wondrous man of the world, talking of vast Schemes, radical Errors, and saying such words as the 'Backbone of Society,' the 'Tendency of Modern Thought,' and others things like that."



THOMAS HARDY AT 21

Just for a moment, at that point, I quite fell for Geraldine myself.

Five years elapse. Egbert "had progressed from newspaper work to criticism, from criticism to independent composition, from the latter to the publication of a book which nobody ever heard of, and from this to the production of a work of really sterling merit, which appeared anonymously." Since his one aim was to make a name for himself, it is odd that he published it anonymously—except that Hardy's plot demands it. But Geraldine has been ordered by her father not to write to her swain, and he has heard nothing of her for two years. Then, walking along Piccadilly, he sees her drive by in the family Landau. He is greatly agitated. He loiters about the Allenville town-house in Chevron Square and hears her playing airs from the *Messiah.* He knows that a gala performance of that oratorio is to be given shortly, and anticipates that she may be there. He buys a seat close to those reserved in the name of Allenville—and in the emotional thunders of the Hallelujah chorus they see each other again and grasp hands. He asks her to meet him at her front door at midnight; certainly a very unlikely appointment; and when he goes there he finds a snobbish letter pushed under the door for him. Escaped from the influence of music, she has reconsidered. The difference between them is too great, she says. "I have become complicated, exclusive, and practised. If I could accept your addresses without an entire loss of position . . ."

Well, Egbert is upset. Instead of saying to hell with her, he walks the suburbs all night. The next day at the club he reads the papers, which contain not only the revelation of his authorship of the much praised book but also an announcement of Geraldine's engagement to Lord Bretton.—And immediately afterward arrives a letter from her (how did she know his address?) congratulating him on having written the book—and saying that her marriage announcement is premature.

By this time you will have guessed that (in spite of many fine and moving passages) our young author's interest is in satirizing a social fetich, not in writing a credible or lifelike story. From here he proceeds rapidly down the slope of bathos. Egbert makes yet another attempt to see Geraldine; but she is evasive, says they'll be glad to have him to dinner some time, "now that you're famous"; but that's all. He feels "in rather an ailing state" and goes back to the country. The little church at Tollamore is being decorated with flowers for a wedding; and of course he learns it is to be hers. He encounters her alone in the church on the eve of the wedding; and (thank goodness) highhats her briskly. She blurts out that she doesn't really love Lord Bretton. And then, while Egbert lies grim and sleepless in a neighboring village early the next morning, Geraldine turns up in the garden calling for him.

He hurries off on horseback to get a marriage license; they are secretly married at once; and have three honeymoon days at Melport—which we know in later stories as Budmouth. But a newspaper item about "The Tollamore Elopement" makes Geraldine think she had better go back to ask her father's forgiveness. She leaves the rising author in the summer-house while she enters the mansion. He waits and waits, anxiously. Then a servant appears and brings him in. Geraldine has burst a blood vessel with excitement when she saw her father, and is dying.

She dies.

Rarely has a more engaging fragment of a great writer's prentice work come to hand; rarely have both the strength and weakness of a noble talent been so vividly prefigured. We are grateful to Professor Weber for this Indiscretion in the Life of a Novelist.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

* *AN INDISCRETION IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS. By Thomas Hardy. Hardy's "Lost Novel," now first printed in America and [illegible] with Introduction and Notes [illegible] Weber. Baltimore: The Johns [illegible] ess.* 1935. $2.

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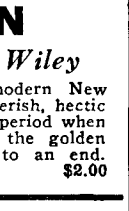

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Restoration England

THE ENGLAND OF CHARLES II. By Arthur Bryant. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1935. $2.

ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II. By David Ogg. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. 2 *vols.* $12.

THE LATER STUARTS, 1660-1714. *By G. N. Clark. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1934. $5.

Reviewed by BASIL DUKE HENNING

UNTIL lately, the Restoration has been a neglected period. Four years ago Mr. Arthur Bryant wrote what is probably the best biography of Charles II; this year there appears his short study of the social history of the reign. And now, with the recently published books of Dr. G. N. Clark and Mr. David Ogg, the means of procuring information about that attractive and important epoch has been greatly increased.

Not that the final word has been written. With the exception of Mr. Bryant, who has not attempted anything like a comprehensive history of the reign, the historians working in the period display a traditional Whig bias. Consequently the student, unless he matches one against the other, and all against their sources, is apt still to regard Charles as a sauntering monarch, intent on business only to further un-English, absolutist designs, and to regard the period in general as pretty disgraceful.

But the gentleman who sat so cleverly on the uneasy English throne was not the whole England, and in discussing the country at large Mr. Ogg provides a history which if not always exact is at least provocative. He begins his book with the impressive funeral of Cromwell in 1658 and finds that

> behind the symbolism of this posthumous coronation was the fear that a precarious alliance of personality and chance was on the point of dissolution, and that the rule of a single person must either die or be reincarnated in more traditional guise.

The two-year confusion resulting from this funeral is admirably analyzed by Mr. Ogg. It was an anxious time for all. Royalist hopes were raised to great heights only to be dashed, a moment later, into complete despair. The republicans were no better off; the retirement of that amiable figure, Richard Cromwell, was succeeded by the restless manœuverings of others who hoped to receive the mantle of the dead Protector, and the government of England, made stable for many years by fear and by an iron will, seemed on the verge of collapse. But throughout the country, and under the very noses of the Rump, more and more toasts were being drunk to an unnamed individual across the water, so that on May 25th, 1660, when Charles the Second landed at Dover he was greeted by a nation almost entirely united in the desire for peace and for a return to the old way of living.

But before this return could be effected there were vast arrears of debt to be collected. The Commonwealth owed money and blood to the Restoration, and it is a tribute to the reasonableness of Charles and his advisers that neither debt was reclaimed in full. The King was fortunate in his ministers; Clarendon, the genius of his exile, and Monck, the genius of his Restoration, were both moderate men, and that credit for moderation which did not accrue to Charles himself goes to them. For they had a Parliament to restrain, a Parliament as frantic in its first loyalty as its predecessors had been fanatic in treason. The members were all Englishmen, most of whom had not had to follow the King into exile, yet it was a group of ministers whom Ogg, surprisingly enough, calls un-English, who displayed with them the typically English virtue of compromise.

But in 1661 Parliament and King were in fair accord, and in three careful chapters Mr. Ogg describes the economic and social conditions which determined the Restoration Settlement. Such an arrangement is excellent, for it sets the stage for the narrative to follow, and when he begins his account of Clarendon's administration, his reader knows what the country looked like, what it produced, and how those products were distributed. This method of narrative interspersed with analysis is followed throughout and adds much to the value of the book.

Compression is the fault of both books, Mr. Ogg's and that by Dr. Clark, perhaps necessarily so in the latter instance, since it embraces a much larger period.

This compression is visible in the accounts of social, intellectual, and artistic history; the picture is good, but not as complete as one might wish. There are several of Mr. Ogg's statements which require amplification and explanation. For example, he says that the "church music of the Restoration was therefore a somewhat isolated or at least self-contained product, deriving little from older English traditions, and leaving no successor in its wake." Such an analysis fails to take into account the facts that the "new music" characterized by the Italian opera had come into England during the Commonwealth, and that it left as its successors the declamatory vocal solo and the works of Purcell. Likewise the following statement demands explanation:

> Today many men in retirement read or profess to read the classics for intellectual enjoyment; this was rare in the seventeenth century for any but the professed scholars, though Sir William Temple was an exception.

Surely the Parliament men who scattered classical quotations and allusions so abundantly through their speeches were not all "professed scholars." One wishes that Mr. Ogg would quote the sources for remarks so contrary to general opinion.

This he has done in his account of administrative institutions, and his chapter on Local Government is perhaps the most valuable in the book. Mr. Ogg's description of the administrative machinery of government is masterly. The innumerable and complicated duties of the Justice of the Peace, as much a Stuart as a Tudor "maid of all work," are abundantly illustrated from County Records and contemporary treatises. It is unfortunate that the class from which these Justices were drawn is not more adequately treated by Mr. Ogg. But the smaller parish officers are well described in Mr. Ogg's book.

Dr. Clark and Mr. Ogg have examined all the articles and printed tracts dealing with the period and their books are immensely valuable in this respect but they have not gone very far into the unpublished letters and memoirs. Because of that, perhaps, their characters never really come to life, and in an age dependent less on the principles than on the personalities of the great, it is necessary that we come to know the figures of that age. Even Charles II, as vital a man as ever lived, remains coldly historical. Mr. Ogg tallies up his assets and says with wit and truth that "his greatest liability was his brother James," but we never see the real Charles. Clarendon's policies are cleverly analyzed, but his features and motives remain indistinct. Buckingham, already transfixed for posterity by Dryden, moves faintly, but one must turn to Mr. Bryant for a real knowledge of these and other men. In his "King Charles II" the great figures are shown; in his latest book, "The England of Charles II," he gives us the little men, and takes us squarely into the Restoration.

That period, seen through the medium of letters, family papers, diaries, ballads, and the miscellaneous effluvia which an age sometimes leaves behind it, appears a very attractive one. If London was dirty, it was also full of splendor; men may have lacked underlinen but their coats were scarlet and gold.

> Color and the pomp of life, moving in gilded majesty, came back with the King; these things, in which all shared, were visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. The streets were full of bright garments, ruffling and sparkling in the wind. Pepys clothed his footboy in green lined with red, and went abroad himself in a summer suit of coloured camelot, with a flowered tabby vest, very rich; and gold lace sleeves. And on May Day when he drove in Hyde Park in his new coach, the horses' tails were tied with red ribbon; the standards were gilt with varnish, and all the reins were green.

Mr. Bryant tells us not only what people wore, but what they ate and drank, and how much they paid for it. He shows us local customs and manners; games as well as sermons are given their place. In his excellent chapter on the family, rightly called "The Unit of Life," we are able to feel at home in the times. For Mr. Bryant is a master at quotation and we learn from their own lips how the people of the Restoration lived. With such an insight into the times we can understand the Popish Plot and the Dutch Wars, Clarendon's impeachment and the Exclusion Bills, "Absolom and Achitophel" and "Pilgrim's Progress." And understanding these things we are the wiser, for history is not only the study of the inevitable evolution of constitutional forms up a ladder of material events. It is more. That evolution is produced by the influence of character and personality upon the events, and only through a sympathetic knowledge of the actors can we understand the events in which they figured, and the evolution which they produced.

❧ ❧

Basil Duke Henning is a member of the department of history of Yale University.

Life in the Ghetto

CALL IT SLEEP. By Henry Roth. New York: Robert Ballou. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH GOLLOMB

BY this time it is probable that New York's great ghetto of decades ago has been written up as amply as any other equally small segment of the modern world; yet "Call It Sleep" shows once more how rich for the writer has been the yield on New York's lower east side. Here is a novel twice the average length, yet it records only two to three years of a small boy's life down there, and records it with what amounts to a congestion of material.

Part of this is due to the rich soil of the scene itself; it would seem that a writer needs only "tickle it with a hoe, and it laughs with a harvest." But the novel owes most of its plethora of sensation and emotional tension to the author's sensitivity, which is acute to the point of painfulness; and the minutest impact on him seems to him indispensable in his report.

The setting and the people of the novel are by now familiar enough to readers of east side novels; the "stench and throb" of the tenements; tenement Jews writhing in poverty and crowded together beyond endurance; and a central character, a little boy, who bears the brunt of life with only a fine and sensitive mother to help him bear it. But the treatment of all this in the book, for all its wealth of photographic detail, renders Mr. Roth's east side quite an alien, somewhat unreal land, especially to those who have known it at first hand.

Partly the defect is due to reporting. Although poverty, for instance, is the all-embracing, brutally dominating fact in slum tenement life, its climate, so to say, and its very soil, the author in his depiction almost completely ignores its role. What also helps to make the novel seem unreal as a transcript of life is the author's injection of passages and chapters of stylized writing in the ultramodern tradition.

But the distortion of the picture—for, by and large, his picture is distorted—must be laid to the author's temper, which casts over familiar scenes and people a hectic light and creates an atmosphere in which human beings could not long survive. Mr. Roth's east side is an extremely violent and febrile world; rarely a moment of peace there, a breath of respite; nothing but poisonous life goes on. Now anyone who has spent even part of childhood on the lower east side knows how brutal and hectic life can be there even for a youngster of tough fibre, and David, the boy in the novel, is fragile to an extreme. But a conscientious report of that life would include contrasts to Mr. Roth's picture of it and even triumphs over the undeniable brutalities he depicts. Let anyone who doubts it ask, for example, librarians on the east side how much the children there for generations have found reading almost as much as food a part of life.

There is much, to be sure, that is true in Mr. Roth's novel; he has a sensitive ear for speech; his characters speak from character and in the idioms of their land; he remembers amazingly and reports photographically; still, let me repeat, the book in part and as a whole does violence to the truth. Someone once wished that novels of east side life did not have to be so "excremental." "Call It Sleep" is by far the foulest picture of the east side that has yet appeared, in conception and in language. Certainly there was and is foulness down there as in other places; but Mr. Roth treats it not with the discriminating eye of the artist but with a magnifying glass, and if not with a relish, certainly with no effort to see what Emerson saw, that "even in the mud and scum of things there always, always something sings." Whoever omits that something in his picture of east side life omits the very thing which has kept that life so long a fertile field for the creative writer.

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Pepys Papers

THE TANGIER PAPERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Edited by Edwin Chappell. London: The Navy Records Society. 1935.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

TO the rapidly increasing body of Pepysiana, Mr. Chappell has added —*via* the publications of the Navy Records Society—an interesting and important contribution. It is, indeed, not wholly new. As the editor points out in his Introduction, as long ago as 1841, the transcriber of the Diary, John Smith, published the "Tangier Papers of Samuel Pepys." But, as Mr. Chappell adds, "It would have been difficult to imagine a worse editor than Lord Braybrooke"—who "edited" Smith's transcription of the "Diary"—"had not Smith proved to be one . . . In his published version he out-Braybrooked Braybrooke! Hardly a sentence is free from alteration." Not only did he rewrite Pepys's sentences, but he altered the order of the words. Not only did he "dismember" the "non-journal sections" but he "mixed the pieces with the 'Journal' proper." The whole he edited and published under the "very wide title" of "The Life, Journals and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys Esq., including a Narrative of his Voyage to Tangier." What Mr. Chappell calls "this wretched piece of work" was reprinted in 1932—and, as it happened, this inspired Mr. Chappell, apparently, to produce the present excellent edition of the Pepys "Tangier Papers." So Smith's work was not without its value, after all!

The present edition under the general heading of the "Tangier Papers" includes, in fact, a considerable mass of material—Pepys's Tangier "Journal," Dartmouth's commission and instructions, Beckman's proposals and the arguments for destroying Tangier, Pepys's "Astracts" in relation to that project, his notes on Tangier, on the navy, and on Spain, with various appendices, which, altogether, form a fairly complete statement of the case for the abandonment of the English works and of the situation of affairs.

It is an interesting chronicle of the last stage of the English attempt to secure the dowry of Catherine of Braganza to some useful purpose in controlling the entrance to the Mediterranean, and its failure. It is, so to speak, the curtain-raiser to Gibraltar; but, in this case, to the epilogue of the earlier tragedy. For Tangier was at that time uninhabitable for an English garrison. And, curiously enough, this volume provides confirmation and vindication of even the most virulent passages in Macaulay's "History" denouncing Colonel Kirke and his "Lambs," who play as detestable a part in these records as they played later under the orders of James II.

The lover of Pepys will find much in these pages of more than ordinary interest, not merely about Tangier but about Samuel Pepys. With meticulous care Mr. Chappell has not merely deleted certain passages which are too highly flavored for a modern taste, but he has indicated just how many words he has cut out. Judging from some of the words he has left in, those passages must have been unusually "high" for even the salty Samuel; nor does it seem probable that their inclusion would have added to historic "truth."

It is pleasant to note that this edition owes much of its completeness—and indeed of its very existence—to the activities of Americans, to the energy of Mr. R. W. Hale, and to the generosity of the Huntington Library. It owes much, as well, to the self-sacrifice of Mr. Matthews whose transcription of the papers Mr. Chappell commemorates not only in his Introduction but on his title-page. To this fortunate concurrence of circumstances with the aid of that admirable institution, the Navy Records Society, we are indebted for a useful as well as an interesting addition not only to Mr. Chappell's earlier "Shorthand Records of Samuel Pepys" but to Pepysiana in general. We may only hope that with this added stimulus there may presently appear the long-awaited new edition of the "Diary" from hands equally competent.

"Men differ enormously, of course," says Robert Lynd, writing on The Causes of Unreadableness, in *John o'London's Weekly*, "in their capacity for finding things readable. . . . Saintsbury, with his Gargantuan appetite, could read third-rate novelists and poets with relish: a man of less robust appetite cannot read them because it seems a waste of time . . . when there are so many masterpieces still waiting to be read."

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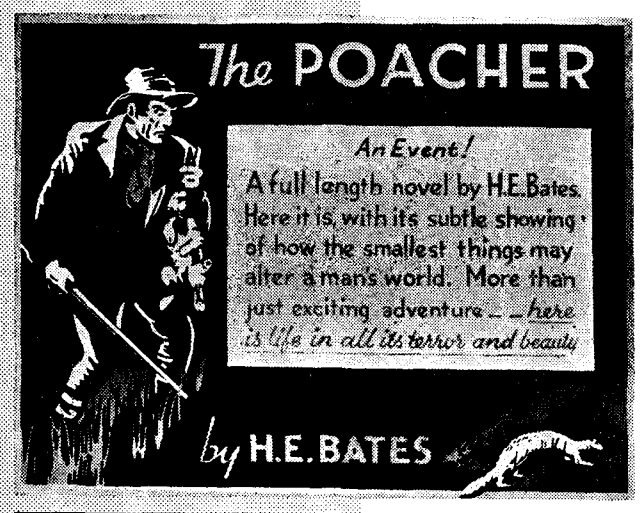
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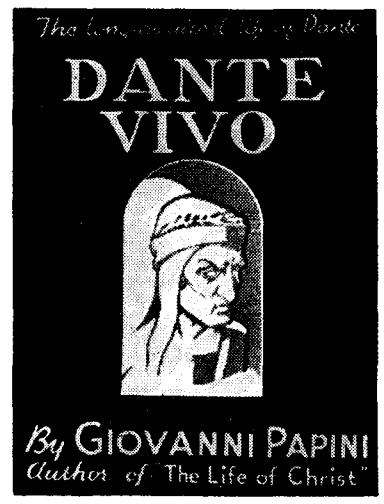

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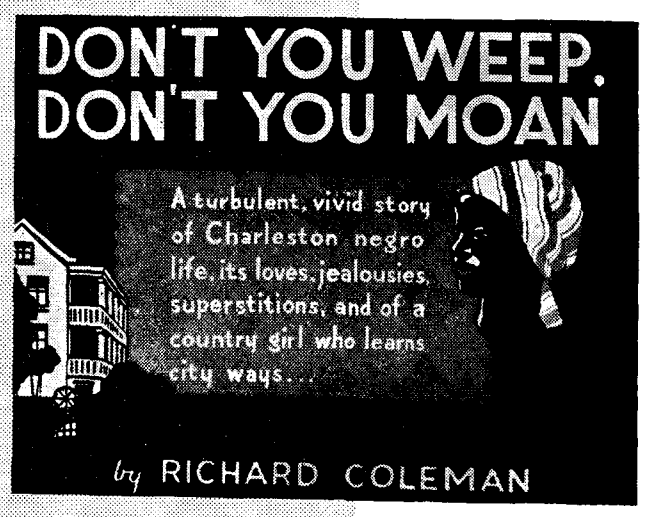
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The Passing of the "Social Survey"

THE SOCIAL SURVEY OF MERSEYSIDE. Edited by D. Caradog Jones. London: University Press of Liverpool and Hodder & Stoughton. 1934. 3 *vols.*

Reviewed by ROBERT S. LYND

THESE three handsome volumes will scarcely appeal to American social scientists. They are so local in point of view and so relatively devoid of methodological inventiveness and of insights other than into the factual minutiæ of Liverpool conditions that they constitute another "survey" rather than a groundbreaking exploration.

The study is frankly a "survey," "describing what may be seen on the surface from the conventional social reform point of view: "Social reform aims preëminently," says the Introduction,

> at improving the lot of those whose standard of life is below the average level. Hence, in the survey more space has been allotted to the poor than to those who are better off, to the unemployed than to the employed, to those who live in crowded conditions than to those who are comfortably housed.

Volume I contains a history of the Liverpool area, an analysis of its population, housing, overcrowding, and cost, income of families at the "poverty line," and fairly detailed expenditures of a sample of 332 working-class families divided into four income levels. It closes with an analysis of municipal housing in Liverpool.

Volume II is a detailed examination of the industrial character of Merseyside, including an analysis of the age, sex, etc., of the gainfully employed, the earnings and conditions of work of different groups, occupational mobility, the unemployed; and it closes with an estimate of the present and prospective surplus of labor in the area.

Volume III deals with the obvious aspects of local government, public health services, public elementary education, public charity, infant welfare, social factors in secondary education, the vocational problems of adolescents, broken families, the use of leisure, organized religion and the attendance of services, sub-normal classes such as the deaf, blind, mentally and physically defective, alcoholists and criminals, with a final chapter on differential fertility and future trend of population.

The appearance of this laboriously and solidly executed and beautifully printed and bound research survey suggests an interesting historical footnote on the folkways of foundation-sponsored research. Six or seven years ago Harold Laski flung in the teeth of America's bustling, data-gathering social scientists and their encircling pantheon—St. Rockefeller, St. Carnegie, St. Russell Sage, and the others—an impertinent paper in *Harper's* on foundations and research. It appeared that a leading American foundation executive had gone to England to stir up the social research eremites there; money—great chunks of it—was apparently dangled under their noses for their use if they would only "get together" and do some research in a big way. Mr. Laski, who is not a quantitative researcher and not a group researcher but prefers the role of the "lonely scholar," didn't want a million dollars; he didn't want to be harnessed to a five-year program; he wanted, perhaps, a research assistant and a typist. And in the article in *Harper's* he told the world what he thought about the efforts in certain quarters to stimulate research in a big way.

Well, here is part of that research—one guesses a $25-30,000 chunk of it—financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and carried out by the staff of the School of Social Sciences and Administration of the University of Liverpool. And the present reviewer, with this Merseyside survey before him, finds himself, for the first time since the publication of Mr. Laski's article, rather in sympathy with Mr. Laski. The obvious has here been counted all up and down Liverpool—and it's good, honest counting, no shoddy work, but also with scarcely a flicker of inspiration in the whole 1287 pages.

There are occasional sober bits of finding that kindle one. Thus—

> —the proportion of sons who belong to a lower occupational grade than their fathers, the proportion, that is, who may be said to have moved down the social scale, is distinctly larger than the proportion of those who have moved up. (The percentage of "adult sons" who have moved "up" is 27.0; who have moved "down" is 35.2; while those who have moved "neither up nor down" constitute the remaining 37.8 per cent.)
>
> —among the poorer workers the institution of rambling in the country is practically unknown.

Interesting though uneventful findings are set down on the work-history of 266 adolescents—how long it took them to get their first job, how they got the job, how long it lasted, how they lost it, and so on. The figures on income expenditures will be of interest to students of family budgets.

There is an integrity and candor about the entire study that enlist one's admiration. Schedules are given in full, with instructions to enumerators. Everywhere there is a sense of workmanship.

But a study like this raises squarely the question as to whether the old-fashioned, full-length "social survey" is not a thing of the past. Booth's great survey of the "Life and Labour of the People of London" (now being elaborately redone after forty years in the "New London Survey") and the "Pittsburgh Survey," the first great American survey landmark, done twenty-five years ago, have been followed by a deluge of community surveys, big and little.

If one reads the signs in the contemporary research field aright, this historic "omnium gatherum" type of survey has become a superficial, inefficient, and extravagant way to spend good research money. The need for studies that tie in together complementary aspects of behavior was never so great as it is today; for modern social science is no longer predominantly the isolated study of deified concepts such as "sovereignty" and economic "value," but increasingly the study of human behavior in all its complex interrelatedness. But modern research calls for a cumulative type of data-gathering and analyses which is not content simply with the physical juxtaposition of a congeries of data within the covers of a book. This means increasingly research that states and seeks to answer a sharply defined problem. It means, in so far as community studies are involved, studies from a clear-cut point of view—studies such as one suspects Lloyd Warner's analysis of Newburyport may prove to be.

Finally, the bankruptcy of the nineteenth century liberal position, with its faith in the "social reform" of a few little blemishes on an otherwise sound culture, makes the sort of concentration on "the poor" which characterizes this "Social Survey of Merseyside" an anachronism. According to our present ways of thinking, these little blemishes such as "housing overcrowding," "crime," "unemployment," and "unequal educational opportunity" are not things to be analyzed and remedied on the submerged level of the poor; but they are symptoms of a total cultural situation. Accordingly, the avoidance of analysis of the dynamics of social class lines, of the distribution of income among upper and middle class as well as the poor, of the role of the church or radicalism, and of similar pervasive considerations marks this Merseyside study, taken as a whole, as the old type of liberal "social survey" rather than as modern research.

* *

Robert S. Lynd, professor of sociology at Columbia University, is co-author with his wife of "Middletown—A Study in Contemporary American Culture."

A Spectacular Public Career

LORD READING AND HIS CASES. By Derek Walker-Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT H. MONTAGUE

THE Marquess of Reading is the modern Dick Whittington, far outdistancing in fact everything that fiction ever attributed to his traditional predecessor, and far outshining in his twentieth century honors all the achievements of his medieval prototype. A restless fifteen-year-old Jewish school boy, escaping from the tedium of a London school, Rufus Isaacs first saw India as a cabin boy in a freighter sailing up the Hoogly. His next visit to India was as Earl of Reading, Viceroy of India. In his urbane and triumphant career, Rufus Isaacs has brilliantly held the great offices of Solicitor General, Attorney General, Lord Chief Justice, war-time Special Envoy to the United States, war-time Ambassador to the United States, Viceroy of India, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In these pages Mr. Walker-Smith passes in review the outstanding cases of Rufus Isaacs's career at the Bar.

Here are retold the racing case of Sir George Chetwynd against Lord Durham, in which the names of the distinguished persons who successively occupied the witness box seemed more in place in the pages of Froissart's "Chronicles" than in the list of witnesses for a court of law; the case of Allen vs. Flood, which in its day fixed a great principle in the law of torts; the libel suit of Joseph Chamberlain's brother, in which Rufus Isaacs defended the Liberal newspaper, *The Star*, against the brother of the most powerful Conservative statesman of his day; the Liverpool Bank case, which brought together for the first time Rufus Isaacs and F. E. Smith who later was to become war-time Attorney General and eventually Lord Chancellor, Earl of Birkenhead, and Secretary of State for India in the Baldwin Conservative cabinet; the Gaiety Girl Divorce case, in which Rufus Isaacs coaxed and Sir Edward Carson thundered and the briefs were marked at one hundred and fifty guineas with refreshers of one hundred guineas each a day and the public was treated to fifteen days of titillating publicity at a total cost of £15,000, and others of similar importance or spectacular nature. Very appropriately Lord Reading's legal career closes with the trial before Lord Chief Justice Reading of Sir Roger Casement in 1916 upon the charge of treason prosecuted by F. E. Smith, then Attorney General.

Though he was ten years in the House of Commons, Rufus Isaacs never attained first rank of a "House of Commons" man. His preoccupation with the courts, and his subdued court style of speaking, prevented him from ever achieving the oratorical proficiency of F. E. Smith on political platforms or in the House of Commons. One further reason may be added: Arising before dawn to study his briefs, spending a whole day in court, and attending the House of Commons in the evening after a fifteen-hour day of nerve-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH IN 4 LETTERS *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Murderous plans of international armament ring scotched by London journalist, fiancée, and artist friend.	Quite improbable, but with death lurking in every paragraph it makes engrossing reading.	Thriller
DEATH FOLLOWS A FORMULA *Newton Gayle* (Scribner's: $2.)	Scientist sails for England to negotiate sale of substitute for gasoline, murdered on arrival. Other murders follow, before Jim Greer, ex M. I. D., nails the killer.	International complications impede task of narrowing down suspects. House party of all concerned shows the light. Plenty of pace, good characterization.	It satisfies
SHADOW OF DOUBT *Arthur Somers Roche* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Killing of Broadway playboy and his valet involves actresses, cops and Mr. Sim Sturdevant who solves crime.	Good formula stuff, very suave and well-groomed and with denouement that surprises but doesn't convince.	Readable
BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY *H. C. McNeile* (Crime Club: $2.)	Scoundrels who would imperil peace of Europe meet their match in the Bulldog, with much rough-house.	Rapidly moving mixture of shootings, gassings, pummelings, killings and other sure-fire amusements.	Time-killer
THE WINE ROOM MURDER *Stanley Vestal* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Two killings in wine cellar of French château solved by expert in vintages who also savors murders.	For some readers wealth of wine-lore may slow up rather leisurely plot, which has its creaky moments.	Entertaining

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racking professional work, Lord Reading's own explanation may be accepted, "I was tired out when I got to the House."

There have been dark moments as well as bright in Rufus Isaacs's career, as when he was involved in the investigation into the holding of American Marconi shares. But he successfully disproved the charges against him, and advanced to ever fresh honors.

For services in the Great War of 1914-1918, and in the post-war period, the two highest titles created in Great Britain have been two marquisates—one for George Nathaniel Curzon, as the consolation prize of a political career that was almost eighteenth century in its patrician origins and its patrician progress, and the other for Rufus Isaacs, as the glittering reward of a career that has been strikingly late nineteenth and present-day twentieth century in its origins, its activities, and its achievements. Subtlety of mind, charm of address, calmness of outlook, firmness sweetened with courtesy, tact in negotiation and conciliation, self-discipline that always saved him from provoking other people, persuasiveness in putting a case and in winning the hearts of small groups of men, and a flair for handling people and situations, have been outstanding factors in Lord Reading's success in diplomacy and administration. Closing a public career which in drama and in splendor has far transcended that of the traditional Dick Whittington, the former English barrister who is now the urbane and still vigorous Marquess of Reading and the successor of William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington in residence at Walmer Castle may recall, and perhaps will record for his future official biographer, further memories of cases, and witnesses, and trials, and court triumphs, such as no other Viceroy of India, or Warden of the Cinque Ports, or Marquess, has ever known first hand.

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Gilbert Montague is a member of the New York bar who has had wide experience in federal and state investigations and litigations.

The Autobiography of an Irish Novelist

THINGS TO LIVE FOR. By Francis Stuart. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

HERE are some notes for an autobiography from the pen of a young Irish writer whose name is known in this country as the author of five novels. It is more an autobiography of moods and sensations than of people and events.

The things to live for are love, horse-racing, writing novels, meditating in a mood of passionate religiosity on the female saints, getting into scrapes and being very sorry for one's self only to rebound to a passionate self-admiration—in all, a life of sensation rationalized as a quest for an inner serenity which the hard-headed will suspect is the state of being burnt out.

The young will like this book for its heady doctrine—its separation of the sentient living from the living dead by the line of intensity; its hurling of defiance from the trenches at the barrage of life as it goes over; its cry to live dangerously, to live until it hurts. The mature will like it for its flashing flights of imagination, the clarity of its style, its eagerness—it's as alive as a puppy,—and its vignettes of feeling.

The young may not be repelled by its self-consciousness—its mood of "Invictus" stretched out over 278 pages—though perhaps even to them its cult of *Life* may get monotonous, and they will certainly recognize the very obvious influence of Hemingway on many pages, in particular Stuart's too patent purpose to make horse-racing to him what bull-fighting is to Hemingway. Stuart raves like an exclamatory schoolgirl, he thinks loosely, and he—I am afraid—writes hurriedly, chapters between race meets. But his book holds one's interest and attention, and his racing friend Billy Weller sums it up more truly, perhaps, than its writer realized when he said: "It will be worth all the dull bits and the damned silly bits to get a few things like that about your horse in the stable."

Perhaps the greatest value of such books as this and Liam O'Flaherty's autobiography, "Shame the Devil," lie in their scientific, not their literary, interest. Both books are rich in unconscious personal revelation; they disclose a world in which man's psychological difficulties increase as his physical difficulties decline.

"The best I can do is to advise my readers to read it. It is one of those books that open new windows to the mind."—*Mary Colum* in *The Forum.*

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—Chicago Tribune

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A PRESENT WITH A STRING TO IT

The string is to hang it by. It also has an easel so that it may be attractively displayed on the counter. We are referring to the new 13¼ x 5¾ inch beveled metal sign which *The Saturday Review* will send postpaid and absolutely free to any bookseller selling the Review. It has been designed to help you *sell* more copies and subscriptions. Write for yours to the Bookstore Department of the SRL at 25 West 45th St., New York City.

The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE FOREGROUND OF AMERICAN FICTION. By Harry Hartwick. American Book Company. 1934. $2.50.

This account of the American novel from Henry James to last spring has been written on an all too familiar formula. It consists of introductory sections of historical background, impressively heaped up from the latest manuals of science and philosophy; a convenient grouping of the various schools according to whether they are Naturalists, Escapists, Insurgents, or Humanists; and discussion of the principal figures which quickly resolves itself into mechanical abstracts of the plots of their best-known books sandwiched between herculean efforts to quote from as many previous critical estimates as possible, and somehow to reconcile them all into an intelligible pattern. One would naturally not look for criticism in such a volume, but whatever value it might possibly have as a handbook of reference is also destroyed by its looseness of definition. For example, we are told that we find in Dreiser "the solipsism that actuates Sherwood Anderson, Marcel Proust's 'Remembrance of Things Past,' Bernarr Macfadden's popular magazine, *True Story,* and psychoanalytic patients"; and the precise nature of impressionism is hardly made clearer by an "explanation" that includes, within the compass of three pages, references to Monet, Stephen Crane, Conrad, Mallarmé, Hergesheimer, Huneker, Rosenfeld, Nelson Antrim Crawford, Gloria Goddard, Lynd Ward, Nathan Asch, Proust, Stein, and Hemingway.

Mr. Hartwick's style should not be neglected, but can be adequately suggested only by quotation. His opening chapter, which, although entitled "What's O'Clock," is intentionally a serious description of naturalistic philosophy, begins: "Back to Nature *Laissez faire* is the litmus paper of modern thought." It continues with such observations as: "Dante, in the fourteenth century, scribbled Amen to his 'Divina Commedia' and the Middle Ages. . . . This machine of Nature is a kind of 'cream separator.' . . . Life, according to the determinist, is a string of fire-crackers." But perhaps the height of Mr. Hartwick's particular blend of metaphorical rhetoric is reserved for his remark that Sherwood Anderson "played Virgil to his *libido* among the purgatorial depths of Freud."

It is curious that Professor Harry Hayden Clark, who has heretofore been concerned with standards of accurate scholarship, should have written an enthusiastic preface to such a piece of work.

F. O. M.

Biography

I SPEAK FOR THE SILENT. Prisoners of the Soviets. By Vladimir V. Tchernavin. Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Tchernavin's criticism of the Soviet dictatorship is impressive partly because he is one of those who stayed in their own country and tried to play the game. This is no case of a disinherited artistocrat, nor military man fleeing from those against whom he had taken arms, but of a scientist and technical expert, himself a "worker," according to bourgeois standards, who did his best, apparently, to adjust himself to the new world and to serve Russia.

He found, as most others in similar case have found, that it was a game which simply couldn't be played. The cards were stacked against him, and sooner or later, on some pretext or other, he would be beaten. His experiences with the Gay-Pay-OO are similar to those of other victims. The novel part of his story is his inside picture of the outlandish conditions found at the end of the line in an industry controlled by bureaucrats functioning in a vacuum in Moscow.

He happened to be in the Mourmansk fisheries. A certain catch was prescribed, regardless of the possibility of making it. If the paper figures weren't reached, those in charge at the practical end were accused of sabotage. If their social antecedents were undesirable, it was easy enough to get witnesses to make out a case against them. Of the technical men whom the author knew well in his particular field, twenty-six were shot and thirty-four deported to other neighborhoods. As an example of that tragic naiveté which characterizes so many Soviet activities, he quotes a motto posted up in one of the places in which he worked, for all practical purposes a slave: "Work without beauty and art is barbarism."

Mr. Tchernavin's story follows and supplements that of his wife, Tatiana, whose "Escape From the Soviets" was largely concerned with the flight into northern Finland of the pair and their son. The "silent" for whom he speaks are those of similar background and experience who are still in Soviet Russia.

Fiction

VOYAGE IN THE DARK. By Jean Rhys. Morrow. 1935. $2.

In three books previously published, Miss Rhys has established fairly definitely the qualities of her work. She is primarily a realistic writer, but a realist of the emotions, free from that tendency to exaggerate the importance of detail which used to be characteristic of the school. Her people are apt to be much the same from book to book, and her materials somewhat limited. She specializes in young girls who have come to Paris or London from some distant — generally tropical — clime, and who are either about to go astray or already in that indefinable state. Her writing, particularly in this new book, is well adapted to her subject matter, simple in style, pared to the bone, free of undue sentimentality, yet admirably expressing the poignancy and instability of the situation in which she places her heroines, shivering in the hard, cold light of the European world to which they have been transplanted. Miss Rhys has not often been more steadily successful than in her account of Anna Morgan's quite ordinary tragedy, in "Voyage in the Dark." Anna's life as chorus girl, her romance, her despair, and the final resignation to "living and living and living" do not, perhaps, make a glamorous or exciting story, but they are the constituent parts in an artistically satisfying whole. The author's concentration upon the whole personality of Anna renders her new book less subtle in form than "Quartet" or "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie," but it also enables her to give us a picture of more intense and painful effect. Within the limits of her subject, Miss Rhys has done a very nearly perfect job.

T. P., Jr.

TWICE BORN. By Rose Franken. Scribners. 1935. $2.50.

In her first novel since "Pattern" Mrs. Franken has chosen to tell the story of a young New Yorker, Darry Kavin, who inherits from his father an unhappy effeminacy coupled with an undue attraction toward individuals of his own sex. Without being actualy abnormal, he shows at least all the superficial symptoms of abnormality. How he adjusts himself to life, how he overcomes his handicap, is the theme of "Twice Born."

Mrs. Franken has here set herself the task of presenting a perspicacious but sympathetic picture of what one might call borderline abnormality. And she has succeeded well in the task, though the closing of Darry's story is weak—despite the author, his return to Stephanie seems a temporary retreat rather than a rebirth. But one wonders if Mrs. Franken is choosing material that is best suited to her talents. It is evident that she has a rare gift for achieving verisimilitude, as distinct from life itself, in her characterizations; and it might be suggested that that is the gift, not of the pure artist, but of the satirist. One's comment on her performance tends to be rather "that's it to the life!" than "that *is* life!" And indeed the best qualities of the book are not the explorations of Darry's mind but the almost unconsciously satirical treatment accorded the minor characters. Possibly when Mrs. Franken achieves a better realization of her powers she may become another, more subtle, and feminine Sinclair Lewis. As it is, however, her public will have little cause for complaint.

L. J. H., Jr.

SEASON TICKET. By Margaret Iles. Harpers. 1935. $2.

Certain sentimentalists are fond of saying that if one could come upon one's fellow men in even an unpromising situation, in a suburban train, for instance, could know their circumstances and their thoughts, one would find it a thrilling experience, full of aspiration, of tragedy, and of unfulfilled romance. Here is a first novel which demonstrates that (for what its evidence is worth) it would be nothing of the sort; it would only be mildly depressing. The demonstration is the more convincing because of the novel's many virtues; for it is written with obvious care and honesty, with great human sympathy, and with considerable literary skill, and one is quite convinced of its truthfulness about its own characters. These are a group of people living in a middle-class suburb of London, who habitually travel to their routine jobs in town in the same railway-carriage, exchange the same greetings and wear thinner the same jokes, and perhaps see each other at local festivities. We follow them, one at a time, for a period of several months, in which some of them come to crises in their lives, while the others are plainly those who will never have crises; and at the end we know them all intimately.

We know them intimately, and find them rather pathetic, and rather futile. For every person in the book one feels rather sorry, but one feels a kind of self-reproach for not feeling sorrier. It is at first difficult to understand why these truly human figures, with their undeserved misfortunes and their empty little lives that offer no consolations, do not move one more.

It is partly the result of the dead monotony of the emotional level. Though they differ in age, sex, circumstance, and many traits of character, they have all in common a single fundamental attitude to life:

(*Continued on page* 558)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
WILD PASTURES *Rex Beach* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Romance	Western plot enacted in the unfamiliar scene of a Florida cattle ranch.	Good Entertainment
AS MUCH AS TWICE *Dane Yorke* (Minton, Balch: $2.50)	Novel	New daughter-in-law eventually takes starch out of small town autocrat.	Folks
DIAN OF THE LOST LANDS *Edison Marshall* (Kinsey: $2.)	Thriller	Hansum scientist on expedition falls for native queen on Unknown Island.	If you like hokum
I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY *Rivkin & Spigelgass* (Macaulay: $2.)	???	Alleged to be as told to the writers by aging lady-wrestler who went through the burleycue and vaude mill, up and down, from the early days of the century.	Unique
WESTERN THRILLERS *Ed. by Leo Margulies* (Robert Speller: $2.)	Western	Collection of Western shorts with comments from a pulp editor's viewpoint.	Obvious
RELUCTANT SINNERS *Sidney Fairway* (Kinsey: $2.)	Love Story	Patricia sacrificed her Heart's Thrill in favor of her sister, but the end was not yet.	Slush
THE PROUD SHERIFF *Eugene Manlove Rhodes* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Western	The last yarn from Rhodes concerns the adventures of Sheriff Maginnis in proving the innocence of a boy accused of murder.	First Grade
VICTORIAN FAMILY ROBINSON *Beatrice Grimshaw* (Longmans, Green.)	Adventure	Mid-Vic. preacher and his daughters try to maintain the conventions after a shipwreck. Grimshaw's missed her goal badly.	N.G.

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

PARTY GAMES FOR GROWN-UPS

A. J., H., of Meadowlands, Pa., *would like a book covering modern party games for grown-ups.*

HE will probably be interested in learning, if he has not already noticed the announcement, that Doubleday, Doran & Co. are just launching a department to be devoted entirely to entertainment. It will be under the direction of Jerome S. Meyer, whose MENTAL WHOOPEE and MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S (both Simon & Schuster) are books of exactly the sort A. J. H. wants. This new department, to be known as Heyday House, will publish puzzles, games, and some books of humor. Many of the publications will be designed especially for parties, where guests compete against time and one another. Among the books that he can fall back on now are PARTY GAMES FOR ALL OCCASIONS (Lippincott), by Bernard Stanley, WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW? (Stokes), by D. F. Fisher and others, GOOD TIMES FOR ALL (French), by N. B. Lamkin, and WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? (Simon & Schuster), by E. Longstreth and L. T. Holton. And, of course, there's always THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES (Dutton), edited by E. Lasker, to which to refer.

Events are too rapid for the processes of magazine publication. I haven't even been able to get the foregoing paragraph into print before a letter reaches me from Mr. Jerome S. Meyer announcing the issuance of the first of the Heyday books, IT'S ABOUT TIME, and a postcard arrives from its author, Gerald L. Kaufman, bringing his greetings and the statement that "It's about Time for a book about time." Mr. Meyer says, that in addition to this volume, Heyday House has three other selections on the Spring list, BRINGING SHERLOCK HOME, a detective game for competitive playing; MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM?, a new twist in party fun where the guests entertain one another by performing stunts in magic, and NAMING QUINTUPLETS, a question and answer book.

ON HUMOR

F. de B. W., of Montreal, Canada, *would like a volume on the writing of humor. "Not too cut and dried and not too textbookish. A survey of humor in its varied forms, showing the why and how of humorous situations, statements, and narratives."*

If F. de B. W. will possess his soul in patience a few days longer he will be able to get the very book he wants, for on March twentieth Dodd, Mead & Co. are to publish Stephen Leacock's WHY LAUGH—THE THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF HUMOR. Mr. Leacock, as everyone knows who has read him in his happiest light vein, is no mean humorist himself. Indeed his gaiety sits as lightly on him as his economics does soberly when he chooses to be the college professor instead of the literary man. His book seems to promise delightful reading. I've been dipping into the galley proofs which came to my desk the other day and find fascinating stuff in them. Mr. Leacock begins frivolously enough with the crudest sort of jokes—the sort that set school children to giggling or fill the untutored adult mind with glee—but ends on a deep note of seriousness by envisioning the universe as ending "with one vast, silent, unappreciated joke." Horace Walpole's "the world is a comedy to those that think" in another version. In the course of the discussion that thus ranges from primitive merriment to cosmic predicament he introduces example after example to illustrate his thesis, discusses the great humorists like Dickens and Mark Twain, and, to paraphrase, analyzes where is humor bred, or in the heart or in the head. F. de B. W. ought to find the book to his liking.

A DIVERSION FROM MUSIC

B. N., of Ogden, Utah, *is looking for something that might be read at a children's musical recital as a means of varying the program. It is to be read by an adult but should appeal to children.*

Lucy G. Lillie's THE STORY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS (Harpers) contains anecdotes of famous composers, the story of the composition of favorite classics, and an account of the origins of different musical forms. I should think that with a little adroitness an interesting half hour's reading could be culled from this book, with enough variety and enough that is entertaining as well as informative to hold the attention of a youthful audience.

BIRDS OF THE SOUTHWEST

R. P. F., of Tucson, Arizona, *wishes the names of some illustrated books which will help her identify the birds of her section of her country. She remembers that some time ago I mentioned several volumes of the sort but cannot recall their titles.*

The books to which she refers did not deal specifically with her corner of the United States, but nevertheless would be helpful to her. They were Anna B. Comstock's HANDBOOK OF NATURE STUDY (Ithaca, N. Y., Comstock Publishing Co.), a compendium dealing not alone with birds, but with insects, flowers, etc.; two volumes in the Pocket Nature Library issued by Doubleday, Doran, one covering water birds and the other birds of prey, and the more comprehensive BIRDS IN NATURE, by Neltje Blanchan, in the Nature Library published by Nelson Doubleday. Elliott Koues's KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS (Page: $15) covers every known species of living and fossil bird to be found on the American continent north of Mexico, including those of Greenland. The particular book, however, which treats of R. P. F's section is FIELD BOOK OF BIRDS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN UNITED STATES (Houghton Mifflin), by L. E. Wyman and E. F. Burnell. It won't be of any use to her for her special purposes, but nevertheless R. P. F. may be interested to know that a little book has just appeared, unique among works on birds, I believe, in presenting a method of recognizing the birds of the Northeastern United States by their calls without the use of musical notes. It is by Aretas A. Saunders, and is called BIRD SONGS (Appleton-Century). I have it on the authority of Mr. Canby, in whom a good naturalist was lost when he took to literature, that it is an excellent book.

PRINTING IN GERMANY

J. D. B., of Dallas, Texas, *most engagingly wonders whether I will bother with a mere school girl. She is writing a term theme on the history of printing in Germany and wants help on the subject.*

If she can get hold of John Clyde Oswald's HISTORY OF PRINTING (Appleton-Century), she will find a full account of its development in Germany from earliest times to the present there. If she needs merely a synopsis she will find Merritt Way Haynes's STUDENT'S HISTORY OF PRINTING (McGraw-Hill) a useful reference work.

ESTHETICS

G. G., of New York City, *is on the hunt for a work on esthetics which will be neither too philosophical nor too banal. He outlines the sort of book he wants by translating a paragraph from Alfred Heussner's* DIE PHILOSOPHISCHEN WELTANSCHAUUNGEN UND IHRE HAUPTVERTRETER.

If I gather his desire correctly from this paragraph the book he needs is Frank Jewett Mather's CONCERNING BEAUTY, which the Princeton University Press has just this minute published. Mr. Mather, who is professor of art, critic of art, and writer on matters artistic and literary, possesses clarity, grace, and charm. This book is in substance a series of lectures which he delivered, and, though the work of a scholar, is couched in language which brings it into the range of the layman's understanding. G. G. can gather an idea of the method it follows from a synopsis of the last chapter, entitled On Taste and the Varieties of Beauty, which takes up such subjects as truthfulness of art and of life; the comic and allied branches; collective taste; shifts in taste; laboratory esthetics; the sublime; the delectable; the characteristic. It contains a brief selected bibliography, and makes special acknowledgment in the preface to another work which G. G. should read, John Dewey's ART AS EXPERIENCE (Minton, Balch).

THE ALPHABET AND WRITING

Mr. Erward Delavan Perry has again put me in his debt by adding to my recent suggestions to J. F. B. of Louisville, Ky., the title of "a singularly valuable and accurate little book by B. L. Ullman of the University of Chicago: "This is ANCIENT WRITING AND ITS INFLUENCE (Longmans, Green), one of the series entitled Our Debt to Greece and Rome."

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EXPERIENCE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York

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Double-Crostics: Number 51

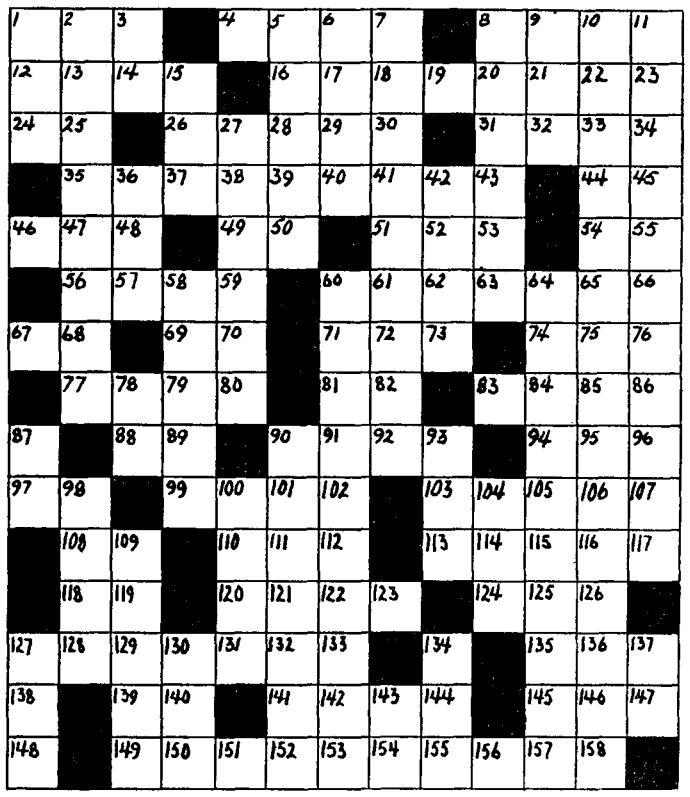
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 51-21-1-45-82-98-57-36-111-153-102. Father of Jehu.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 73-42-136-59-66-52-3. Book by D. H. Lawrence.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 83-32-139-54-99-112-148. Figure of speech.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 124-79-18-47-108-43-89-147. Of doubtful propriety.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 31-100-65-131-97-39-6-106-87-145-156. Lord Mayor of London.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 30-12-137-86-68-142-152. Domain of the elves (Norse myth.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 19-41-157-72-109-138-55. Poem by Meredith.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 135-146-120-84-129-14. Brutus's page in "Julius Caesar."	_ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 125-61-77-26-130-85. Not celebrated in verse.	_ _ _ _ _ _
X. 75-140-10-113-53. Very stylish or smart (slang).	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 92-16-8-80-69-50-94. Female branch of family.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 155-25-11-46-71-96-93. A firth.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 126-24-15-101-122-58-5-110-144. To make requital.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 29-2-9-38. Excursion, journey.	_ _ _ _
XV. 34-105-4-70-88-151-60-17-141. To disable, cripple.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 107-62-91-23-115-33-103-143-119. Tending to summon forth.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 49-114-35-63-22-78. Character in "Twelfth Night."	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 123-13-154-40. A penitential period.	_ _ _ _
XIX. 76-116-81-56-121-64-95-27. Entire compass of tones (mus.).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 158-20-149-48-128-117-7. Pleasing or sweet sounds.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 67-74-28-44-133. Not the clergy.	_ _ _ _
XXII. 104-37-127-134-118-90-150-132. A Dickens character.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 50)

JOHN RUSKIN—"FORS CLAVIGERA"

Just think what a horrible condition of life it is that any man of vulgar wit, who knows English grammar, can get, for a couple of sheets of chatter in a magazine, two-thirds of what Milton got altogether for "Paradise Lost."

The New Books

(Continued from page 556)

a very vague wonder that this is all that life offers, which never rises to a specific questioning of God or society; a very vague discontent; and tempering this, a very vague resignation. A single major character who thoroughly if mistakenly enjoyed life, or a single major character who was violently and rebelliously unhappy, might have deepened the emotional key of all the rest. But there is a kind of psychical anemia that pervades the suburb and, for all its sympathy, infects the book. Miss Iles, though she undoubtedly feels the most sincere and tender pity for all the poor little people in the world, tempers it, like her characters, by a resignation which is neither truly religious nor philosophical, but merely the British disposition to make the best of things. She does not show the despair, the anger, or the faith, one or another of which is necessary to make valuable work out of material so wanting in vitality. But she may well reach one of these; and even without them, her sympathy and workmanship make her a novelist of real promise.

B. D.

THE POACHER. By H. E. Bates. Macmillan. 1935. $2.

Mr. Bates is a young English writer whose short stories have evoked a measure of enthusiasm from American readers, chiefly because of their remarkably full-dimensioned characterizations. Here he has brought this talent into full play: "The Poacher," the story of a man's unflagging but futile struggle against a shifting civilization and a selfishly ambitious family, contains a gallery of characters that are memorable because of the hairline precision with which the author has put them on paper.

Luke Bishop, whom we see first as a youth approaching maturity, is the central figure in this group, all of whom influence him and most of whom do harm to his soul. There is the swaggering, picaresque father, whom he has followed on midnight forays into the game preserves since childhood; there is the old aunt, who loves Luke as she hates his parents; his wife, Lily, before her marriage a passionate, sentimental girl, steeped in the romanticism of "The Bride of Lammermoor," but changing afterwards into a shrewd, scolding woman with desires for her children that Luke cannot comprehend. The children are girls, to Luke's bitter disappointment, and as he sees them growing up, becoming more like their mother with each day's passing, he resigns himself to the drudgery of his twenty-acre farm, finding pleasure only in the occasional furtive snaring of a marauding hare, and in imparting his knowledge of the forests to his small grandson. At sixty-odd, he is sent to prison for a crime he did not commit, and upon his release finds the family gone away, his farm sold, and for him, nowhere to go.

Mr. Bates has told this story well. He is at all times a competent craftsman, and occasionally, as in the account of Luke's terrified flight through a snowstorm, believing himself to be sought for murder, his prose rises to something approaching eloquence. Aside from a few minor flaws, for instance the somewhat unwieldy opening chapter, "The Poacher" is a first-rate job of writing, and is by all odds his best work to date.

L. B.

SUMMER LEAVES. By Denis Mackail. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.

Mr. Denis Mackail writes gracefully, with sensitive perception and with that delightful air of gentlemanly playfulness which is exclusively English. Unfortunately, apart from the manner of writing it, there is little to commend in this novel. The story is trivial. There are some nice people in a pleasant English setting: there is an entertaining old peeress "who looks like an exceptionally handsome tortoise": there are "Noodles," the girl, and "Snubs," the boy—both attractive but inconsequential: there are two comic suitors who seem rather to impede than contribute to the action: there are some aristocratic and intelligent relatives. The characters however, though agreeably drawn, are incomplete and one-sided. As a story, "Summer Leaves" is about the equivalent of a good first act of a play—pretty decor, amusing characters deftly introduced, and little or no plot. It is far less interesting than Mr. Mackail's earlier books, "Peninsula Place" and, of course, "The Square Circle."

L. C. T.

Poetry

ON THE CONTRARY. By Phyllis McGinley. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $1.75.

If you read *The New Yorker*, you know the verse of Phyllis McGinley; and yet, at that, you can't quite appreciate how attractive it is all gathered together, supplemented by a few graver grace notes. We will not compare Miss McGinley to Mrs. Parker, which is the obvious and misleading thing to do. Miss McGinley is clever and cool and "hep" to most of life, but she has a personality of her own that transpires to the reader. From her initial "Song from New Rochelle" (and she can sing both urban and suburban) to her final real poem, "No Antidote," she gives herself away in an individual manner. Helen Hokinson, who knows so well how all our female relations look, has drawn nice pictures for some of this verse. She also does a very real kitten up a tree.

Miss McGinley knows all about Oliver Ames, too, and men may well tremble at her discernment. Occasionally she carves a positive classic, thus:

Relations are errors that Nature makes.
Your spouse you can put on the shelf.
But your friends, dear friends, are the quaint mistakes
You always commit yourself.

Some of her best ballads have an infectious rhythm, and always her rhyming is good. For a Westerner, born in Oregon, brought up in Colorado, sent to school in Utah, she is singularly metropolitan. She says she is yet going to publish a book of serious verse just as soon as some "publisher loses his mind." I hope she does, because the samples of it that she has managed to sneak in here aren't bad at all. Meanwhile, you certainly ought to have "On the Contrary" around the house. When things go wrong you can cheer yourself up considerably by dipping into it.

W. R. B.

Science

FROM GALILEO TO COSMIC RAYS: A New Look at Physics. By Harvey Brace Lemon. University of Chicago Press. 1934. $5.

This book is the outgrowth of a series of lectures begun four years ago at the University of Chicago as a course required of all undergraduate students of the physical sciences. Since the aim of Chicago's new curriculum is to educate rather than to force-feed facts, and since most of the incoming students have had no training in the field, a new kind of introductory text-book of physics was necessary; it had to be at once comprehensible, interesting, and accurate. Dr. Lemon has supplied that want and more, for he has also supplied the wants of the interested adult reader. The only thing conventional about his book is the division into five parts: I, Mechanics; II, Heat; III, Electricity and Magnetism; IV, Electricity and Matter; V, Waves and Radiation. But this is a small matter. The important point is that the story in each is accurate, never dull, and often sprightly. To help out—and in no small way—there are many whimsical drawings over gay captions by Chichi Lasley. In addition, there are stereoscopic photographs (a stereoscope is supplied) which enable the reader to peer into the laboratory from his fireside.

That the fundamentals of physics can be covered so thoroughly and so interestingly is astonishing. At the same time, it must be confessed that the person of no previous physical knowledge must read carefully in order to grasp everything, but one suspects that the easier passages will be found so engaging that careful reading of the others will be small effort. To the reader who wants to know what physics is all about, or to know why a loud-speaker squawks, or the significance of Newton's apple, or why some persons go to such trouble to visit the stratosphere, this book can be recommended with enthusiasm.

J. S. M.

Brief Mention

Those who are always complaining that no one knows who designs skyscrapers will find a good deal of interesting information summarized in *Building to the Skies: The Romance of the Skyscraper* (Studio Publications: $4.50). * * * Note a vivacious little biography of *Don Juan of Austria, by* Margaret Yeo (Sheed & Ward: $2.50), also a life of the great anti-imperialist *George Frisbie Hoar,* by Frederick H. Gillett (Houghton Mifflin: $3.50). * * * A still more miscellaneous group of recent publications follow: A convenient *Short History of Czechoslovakia,* by Dr. Kamil Krofta (McBride: $2), literary and biographical studies pleasantly written of the classical period in *Citizens of Long Ago: Essays on Life and Letters in the Roman Empire,* by Adeline Bell Hawes (Oxford University Press: $2.50). Also *Undercurrents of Influence in English Romantic Poetry,* by Margaret Sherwood (Harvard University Press: $3.50), a collection of essays containing new interpretations of the English romantic writers; Joel Barlow, one of the so-called Hartford wits, biographically and critically studied, in *The Early Days of Joel Barlow: His Life and Works from* 1754-1787, by Theodore Albert Zunder (Yale University Press $2). Baylor University publishes *Intimate Glimpses from Browning's Letter File:* being a series of letters, some of them interesting and significant, written to Browning. Last in this miscellaneous collection are *Godes Peace and the Queenes Moneys,* by Norreys Jephson O'Conor (Harvard University Press), a description of a raid upon an Elizabethan house by Henry, Earl of Lincoln, and *Oriental Brasses and Other Objects for Temple and Household Use,* by Isabel Ingersoll Lockwood (Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif.: $7.50). The latter is a series of pictures with annotations of selected brasses from the Lockwood collection.

Latest Books Received

EDUCATION

The Care of the Pupil. S. S. Drury. Harvard Univ. Pr. *Methods of Teaching the Fine Arts.* Ed. W. S. Reusk. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $2.50.

FOREIGN

Hans Friedrich Blunet: Leben und Werk. C. Jenssen. Berlin: Buch- und Tiefdruck Gesellschaft.

INTERNATIONAL

Japan's Pacific Mandate. P. H. Clyde. Macmillan. $3. *Internationalism and Disarmament.* M. E. Wooley. Macmillan. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Bibliography of British History (1700-1715). W. T. Morgan. Bloomington, Ind.: University of Indiana. *There Is No Truce.* R. W. Chamberlain. Macmillan. $3.50. *Old Roses.* Mrs. F. L. Kears. Macmillan. $3. *Guiding Your Child through the Formative Years.* W. de Kok. New York: Emerson. $2. *Psycho-Analysis for Teachers and Parents.* A. Freud. Emerson. $1.75. *Ponies' Progress.* Sir E. Durand. Scribners. $2.25. *Tropical Fishes and Home Aquaria.* A. Morgan. Scribners. $2.50. *Was It a Holiday?* T. L. Codman. Little. $1.75. *A Study of Economic Types.* J. F. Normano. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $3. *The Bâton in the Knapsack.* L. Currie. Dutton. $3.75. *Idlings in Arcadia.* E. D. Cuming. Dutton. $3.50. *With Harp and Lute.* B. J. Thompson. Macmillan. $1.25. *Man's Becoming?* Received and recorded by H. S. Plimpton. London: Rider. *The Yearbook of the Horse.* Ed. R. F. Kelly. Dodd. $3.50. *Mary Thomas's Dictionary of Embroidery Stitches.* Morrow. $2. *The Legislation of the Forty-fifth General Assembly of Iowa.* J. A. Swisher. Iowa City: State Historical Society. *A Guide to Bird Songs.* A. A. Saunders. Appleton. $2.50. *All for One.* I. Swerdlow and F. M. Cohn. International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. *In Union There Is Strength.* I. Swerdlow and F. M. Cohn. International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. *Outlines of General Psychopathology.* W. Malamud. Norton. *Paper and Its Relationship to Books.* R. H. Clapperton. Oxford Univ. Pr. 75 cents. *A Minute a Day.* L. L. Castetter. Chicago: Finch & McCulloch. $1.50. *English Country Houses Open to the Public.* R. Dutton and A. Holden. Houghton. $1.75. *A Handbook for Horse Owners.* Lt. Col M. F. McTaggart. Scribners. $2.75.

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The Duke of Sacramento

FOR their initial issue in the third series of Rare Americana, the Grabhorn Press has selected Warren Baer's four act comedy, "The Duke of Sacramento," reprinted from the rare edition of 1856, with a sketch of the San Francisco stage by Jane Bissell Grabhorn, and illustrations by Arvilla Parker. It is a slim octavo, with the usual perfection of detail in work from that press. The illustrations are especially felicitous.

More Rowland E. Robinson

Two more volumes have appeared in the Centennial Edition of Robinson, issued by the Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont. "Danvis Folks" and "A Hero of Ticonderoga," with preliminary chapters by Walter Pritchard Eaton and John Farrar came out in the fall of 1934, and "Uncle Lisha's Outing," "The Buttles Gals," and "Along Three Rivers,' introduced by Edward D. Collins and Henry W. Lanier, has just been published. While this edition is not so good typographically as one could wish, the publication of a complete edition of Robinson is a work for which we may be grateful to the Vermont printing-office which has undertaken it. The second of these volumes attempts a definition of that curious word "slang" which is applied to two creeks near Vergennes. Robinson allies it with *slank*, a sluggish stream; rather it seems to me that it is a transferal of the old English name (*slang*) for a point of land projecting into the water. Its use in Vermont seems to be unique.

The New Testament

Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Réné Hague are the latest to try their hands at printing the Holy Scriptures—a never-ceasing procession of typographic versions. The present form is an edition of the New Testament in four small octavo volumes, published in London by Dent, over here by Dutton.

The format of the volumes presents very thin board covers, end-paper maps (drawn with the style which the English usually get into such things), and an unostentatious paper. The typography is pleasant enough, especially in the text, but baffling in its complexity. The printers have employed their unique Joanna type, which is used in both normal and compressed form. The experiment is interesting, even if not very successful; and the text pages reflect, in a finely drawn letter, that tendency to uniform weight of line in type which we are accustomed to in the typewriter and our daily newspaper type. Of course the forbidding arrangement of the common editions of the Bible has been abandoned in favor of simple paragraphs. It is a good, readable version, not much helped by two engravings by Mr. Gill.

Paper in Europe

ON THE ORIGIN OF PAPER. By André Blum. Translated by Harry M. Lydenberg. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1934. $2.

This is a first class little book on the origins of paper making in Europe, a preliminary summary of a larger, illustrated volume yet to appear. I know of no better short history of the subject, and it is well adapted for general reading. In addition, it is very thoroughly documented, and it has an exceptionally full index.

The spread of paper manufacturing into the countries outside of China, the establishment of the earliest mills in Spain, the later spread into Italy, France, Germany, and the Low Countries, are set forth simply and in brief, making use of all the latest information on the subject. The translation, by Mr. Lydenberg, the Director of the New York Public Library, seems to me to be unusually good—it appears to be a faithful translation, and at the same time it is a readable, idiomatic English version. It is a small book of only eighty-odd pages, but nothing better on the subject can be found.

Notes

The Fine Arts Press of Santa Ana, California, has issued "The Story of the Spanish Missions of the Middle Southwest"—with much interesting historical material, very badly printed.

Mr. Wilder Bentley has achieved a new arrangement of the usually unwieldy broadside which consists of folding the sheet and mounting it by one edge within board covers. It is a thoroughly practical scheme. The latest issue is "The True Ballad of the Galloping Hearse," by William Henry Davenport, with illustrations by Donald Kelley, and it is issued from the Archetype Press at Berkeley, Calif.

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DeLANCEY FERGUSON

SOME scholars have small compassion for the authors of guide-books. In *The Review of English Studies* for January William S. Clark wrecks a popular literary shrine at Geneva. His article, "Milton and the Villa Diodati," demonstrates that the house which Byron occupied in 1816 and which bears a tablet asserting that Milton also visited there on his way to Italy was not built until 1710. The Jean Diodati whom Milton visited lived in the heart of Geneva and had no country residence.

New information about Burns has been getting into print. In *Studies in Philology* for January Robert T. Fitzhugh discusses "The Paradox of Burns's Character," adducing new letters and comments by the poet's friends to show that Burns in his last years was not quite the seraph in chocolate some recent apologists have tried to make him.

> The ideal Burns, let no one deny, is a real Burns, well-received, friendly, brilliant, generous. But the other Burns, bawdy, caustic, and resentful, who is conveniently forgotten by his more ardent, and perhaps sentimental admirers, is no less real. The sympathetic critic must know and understand both.

In *PMLA* for December the present writer publishes some hitherto suppressed passages from "Burns's Journal of his Border Tour," which identify a number of people whose names were omitted by the original editor and reveal that the poet's opinions of his hosts were not always flattering. Thus he described one man as "a compleat Hottentot," dismissed another as "a talkative, conceited Idiot," and concluded that "poverty and pride" were "the reigning features" of the household of Sir Alexander Don, brother-in-law of his patron Lord Glencairn. However, he was most favorably impressed by several of the young women whom he met.

The last two issues of *PMLA* have been largely devoted to highly technical Elizabethan and linguistic studies, but in the September number John W. Draper considered in "Olivia's Household" a question which must have occurred to many readers of "Twelfth Night." What sort of a menage did Olivia run, anyway? Mr. Draper answers that noble households in Shakespeare's day were in transition between the feudal and the economic basis, the impoverished relatives and gentle retainers of the feudal organization being gradually displaced by hired servants.

> Thus Elizabethan servants, employed more and more for work rather than prowess, were "passing from a condition of status to one of contract"; Shakespeare would seem to have transferred to Illyria a household in the midst of this transition, with a licensed "fool," well-born retainers, dependent relatives, and uninvited guests as in the Middle Ages, and also apparently with a staff of actual servants headed by the all-too-competent Malvolio, who could not but look askance at the free and easy manners of the rest.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO new *Faulkner* novels are just out —but they're not both by *William!* One, to be sure, is his new "Pylon," concerning some fliers at a Mardi Gras, published by Smith & Haas. But the other book is *Virginia Faulkner's* "The Barbarians," from Simon & Schuster. I certainly congratulate them on the appearance of this book. Which reminds me that I have forgotten to congratulate the Longacre Press on the appearance of Mr. Nizer's book. There is some beautiful book-making going on at the present writing! . . . Miss Faulkner wrote "Friends and Romans," and her new novel is said to be even funnier. It is called "The Barbarians." The publishers say rather wittily, "This is not a serious book. When immoral suasion fails, Miss Faulkner resorts to farce. There are enough epigrams here for seven books, and more hilarity than is quite refined." As a come-on, that's just about perfect publicity! . . . I've been meaning to speak of Doubleday, Doran's new edition of "Dreamthorp," the rural essays of *Alexander Smith,* a favorite book of my youth and one of my father's favorites before me. The new edition is excellent, and *Christopher Morley's* letter to the volume's godfather, *Frank Henry* of Doubleday's, alone makes it a collector's item. But the quality of old Alexander Smith himself will greatly repay your making his acquaintance. *Joseph Henry Jackson* tells you that the book is worth reading if only for one piece, "A Lark's Flight," which he calls "a little masterpiece of beauty and horror." . . . Among the Appleton biographies, the new one on Mary Magdalen by *Edith Olivier* will fascinate you. You may know Miss Olivier merely as an extraordinary novelist—but she is an equally distinguished biographer, and her view of Mary Magdalen is, in its exposition, also by way of being a masterpiece. . . . The Appleton biographies, by the way, is a good series. Such writers as *John Buchan, Laurence Binyon, Sacheverell Sitwell, Belloc, Leacock, Rebecca West, Compton Mackenzie,* and *Maurice Baring* have contributed to it. . . . An event in the poetry world is the publication of "Selected Poems of *Marianne Moore,*" with an introduction by *T. S. Eliot.* This lady having been a childhood friend of mine, I am particularly delighted to see the Macmillan Company bring out her book in such fine fashion. She is unique. . . . *MacKinlay Kantor's* "Turkey in the Straw" is the kind of thing that appeals to me strongly. It's racy and full of gusto and altogether a swell book of American ballads. . . . I read the poem by that brilliant editor on *The New Yorker, E. B. White,* in which he said his say about the picture "Sequoia." The next day, being in Woolworth's, with a hangover, I paid ten cents for the "big little book" of "Sequoia." Its illustrations are from the picture, and the story is retold by *Eleanor Packer.* I, too, like this simply sweet and sweetly simple story. But then I like all kinds of animals. . . . How much better looking animals are than people! Any deer can make any woman look like a lummox. . . . But my favorite animal is the tree-climbing bear of Australia that really isn't a bear at all. It's covered with plush, and I've forgotten its name! . . . Four out of the five books published by Whittlesey House during January and February are in their second printings. That's doing pretty well! . . . My own book of poems is extremely good and I hope millions of people will buy it! (Adv.) . . . I was surprised to see *Frank Sullivan* the other evening. It is difficult to catch sight of Sullivan, particularly in the winter, as he goes into hibernation. The Sullivans are a shy race anyway, but Frank is the shyest Sullivan I have ever seen. I'm quite sure he was there, though, wherever that was. . . . Coward-McCann have been perturbed of late because they have just published *Thomas W. Duncan's* "O, Chautauqua," and now learn that the magazine that brought out his first short story went out of business immediately afterward, and that the company that printed his first book of poetry folded up the week following publication. . . . My solicitude is herewith extended to *Timmy Coward!* . . . "When I'm in a minority, I'm pretty sure I'm right. When I'm in a very small minority, then I *know* I'm right," says *Thomas Mott Osborne,* whose life by *Rudolph Chamberlain* is being published by Macmillan under the title "There Is No Truce." . . . Well, now Mr. Osborne, I'll tell you. Many years ago I descended from a Long Island train at a certain way station, because I was positive that I had to change there for Port Washington. I was so much in the minority that I was the only person who got off. But, boy, how sure I was I was right! . . . I even laughed sneeringly at all the interested faces in the windows, as the train pulled out again and left me the sole occupant of the platform. What gulls they all were! Didn't they have sense enough to know they'd never get where they were going that way. . . . Finally I had to return to the Pennsylvania Station and start all over again. . . . So you see!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The trade looks forward with interest to the list of the Most Influential Books of the Last 50 Years which Mr. Ted Weeks promises to spring in the April *Atlantic Monthly.* ☞Will Solle, bookseller in Omena, Michigan, "lacking a physical window and lacking window-shoppers" has begun a monthly report on what his imaginary window should contain. He begins by offering good copies at $1 each or 6 for $5 of good novels by Cather, Conrad, Deland, Galsworthy, Hardy, Howells, Meredith, Merrick, Wharton, etc. ☞Old Q. is pleased to see accumulating advance interest in that unusually enchanting novel *National Velvet* by Enid Bagnold. ☞This week parsimonious old Q. is prostrate with the Income Tax. ☞The well-loved "Copey" of Harvard, Professor Copeland, is selling duplicates from his library through the Harvard Co-op. Those familiar with Copey's habits can always identify a book of his by his signature written on the margin of page 55.

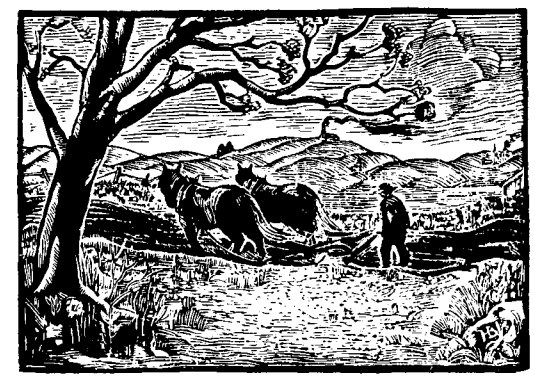
☞Casanova Booksellers of Milwaukee announce *The Neurotic Nightingale,* essays by Vardis Fisher, only 325 copies. They remark ominously that "what Fisher has to say in these essays is not the sort of thing most people like to have said." The American Autograph Shop of Ridley Park, Pa., catalogues a letter of Tobias Leer, 1815, as "The Man Who Held Dying Washington's Hand." ☞Howard O'Brien of the *Chicago Daily News* says that the Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary "is of infinitely greater consequence than any disaster, treaty, or Supreme Court decision." Professor Thorndike of Columbia University has edited it, giving word-definitions that children can understand. An excellent idea. ☞There's a misspelled word, by the way, on the jacket of the Junior Dictionary. It is "dictionarry." ☞And on the back of the wrapper of G. B. Stern's *Shining and Free,* the three previous Matriarch novels are referred to as "a triology." This is a relief after the amount of biology we've been getting in novels.

☞A book that sounds exciting to meditative Q. is *Documents of American History,* 902 pp., $4.00, edited by Henry Steele Commager and published by F. S. Crofts (for whom Dodd Mead are selling agents). ☞We meant to have noted weeks ago that Lea and Febiger of Philadelphia, famous medical publishers, have completed 150 years of continuous history. The house was founded in 1785 by the Irishman, Matthew Carey, with financial assistance from no less a bookseller than the Marquis de Lafayette.

☞Simon and Schuster are looking for people to correspond with, according to their announcement of a new series of "Informal Letters to the Friends of the Inner Sanctum." These will be "sent forth somewhat spasmodically from 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, by Simon and Schuster who, until they have as many free hours as they have congenial correspondents, must perforce use this form of encyclical to extend their greetings, proclaim their publications, declare their enthusiasms, lament their disenchantments, and convey sundry intelligence of the world of books to all their fellow-traffickers-in-words." The first letter, which we saw, promises a decorous but interesting diversion. Columbia Press's *Pleasures of Publishing,* in a neighborly gesture, recommends to its own clients the Inner Sanctum's Informal Letter.

The beautiful new book by the author of that modern classic

"THE OUTERMOST HOUSE"



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Where were you in 1921?

IT HAS been the curious destiny of some books, published unpretentiously at first, to grow in the affections of hundreds of readers year after year. For example: OF HUMAN BONDAGE, and James Hilton's LOST HORIZON.

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER

By A. P. Herbert

—published originally in 1921 and just re-published this Spring—may very likely be a book of this kind. A murder story in a million—an early masterpiece by the author of *The Water Gipsies* and *Holy Deadlock*—it is being discovered with delight by hundreds of new readers every week.

Here are some of the excellent reviews on original publication:

•

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT — "Mr. Herbert is coming forward to take his place among the foremost English stylists. *The Secret Battle* brought him very near the goal, *The House by the River* brings him nearer still."

•

LITERARY REVIEW — "It engages your every sense, nerve and fibre. In the architecture of murder epics this *House by the River* is a leader."

•

NEW YORK TIMES — "It is all so real, vividly and simply told in a style of crystalline clearness."

•

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